Photo Hassano.

Upon her clasped and lovely hands
She rests her dainty chin;
Her auburn hair in wayward strands,
Escapes its strict confining bands,
The jewelled comb and pin.

Sweet face! soft eyes! how they disguise
Of what (or whom) she thinks.
Deep in her heart the secret lies;
To all our questions she supplies
The answer of the Sphinx.

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Photo

"A GLEANER."

Kathleen Grant.

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From The Stalls

Hana.

H. G. PELLISSIER.

The Most Original "Hamlet."

H. G. Pellissier and the "Follies" have been engaged in the congenial task of "out-Hamleting Hamlet."

This merry party of entertainers includes in its ranks the writer of its lyrics and the painter of its scenery. It is no light task to improve on Shakespeare, but the "Follies" have come through the ordeal very successfully, as roars of laughter from their audiences testify. H. G. Pellissier has not permanently given up the more serious forms of composing. As soon as the musical copyright question is settled he will give us worthy successors to his ever popular "Awake."

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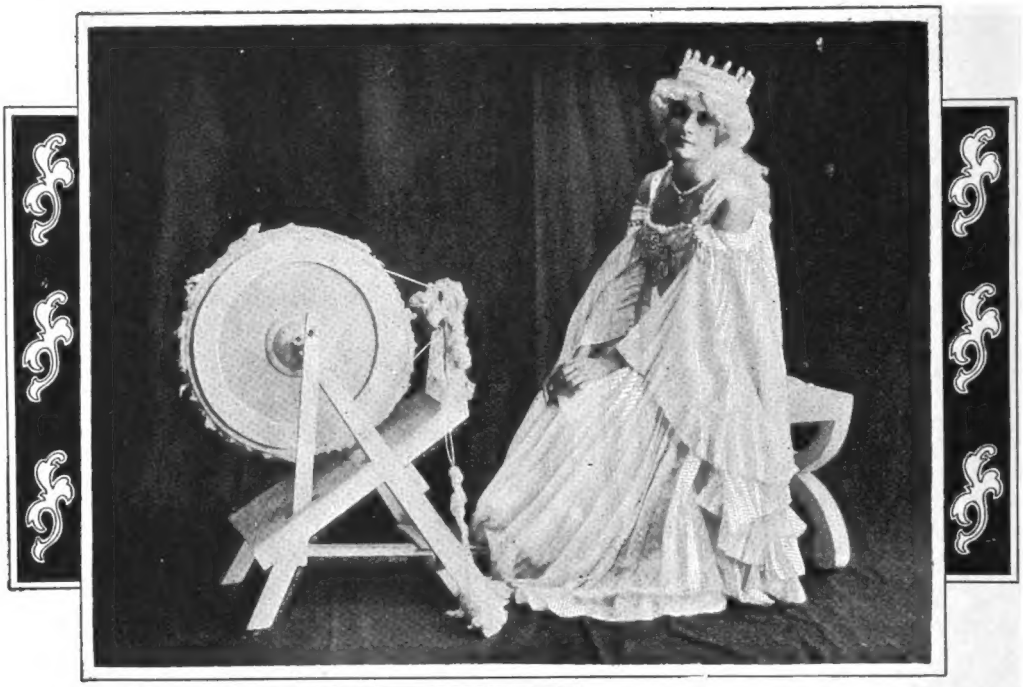

TOPSY SINDEN.

Photos *Campbell-Gray.*

WINIFRED HARE.

TOPSY SINDEN and WINIFRED HARE.

In a Pretty Scena at the Coliseum.

Topsy Sinden and Winifred Hare are popular favourites, the former as the leading English dancer, the latter as one of the most attractive principal boys of pantomime.

Topsy Sinden has been dancing ever since she can remember, and naturally loves her art above all other things. She belongs to a family of artistes. Her father is an old musician, and her brother, Bert Sinden, is a clever comedian and dancer.

Winifred Hare is a comedienne of the lyric stage, and is the wife of Mr. E. J. Saunders, the late lessee of the Camden and Coronet theatres. Miss Hare is tall and handsome, and has an attractive stage personality.

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GERTIE MILLAR.

The Pretty Leading Lady at the Gaiety.

Miss Gertie Millar is quite the daintiest of dainty musical comediennes, and has been leading lady at the Gaiety for several years.

She tells of amusing experiences on tour. Once, in a little Scotch theatre, at the end of the season, the orchestra—perhaps owing to the heat—began to melt away. First the violins, then the 'cello, and finally the last performance ended with the piano and double bass alone.

Gertie Millar, in private life, is Mrs. Lionel Monckton, wife of the well-known composer of the Gaiety and Daly's Theatre pieces.

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

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COURTICE POUNDS.

A Popular Musical Comedian.

A popular singer and actor, belonging to a well-known stage family, Courtice Pounds has been appearing in a sketch at the Coliseum; but his stage experience runs from musical comedy to Shakespeare.

Photos *Campbell-Gray.*

"When a choir boy," he writes, "I was, I regret to say, a bad young man. One of my earliest troubles was with a piece of cobbler's wax and the choir master. He stuck to his seat, and I did not stick to my seat long, and my father gave me a whacking as well I had a bad reputation then."

But this was some years ago. Since then, Courtice Pounds has sung at the Savoy in the early Gilbert-Sullivan days, in "La Poupée," and many other pieces.

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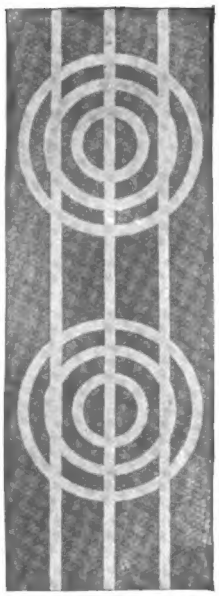

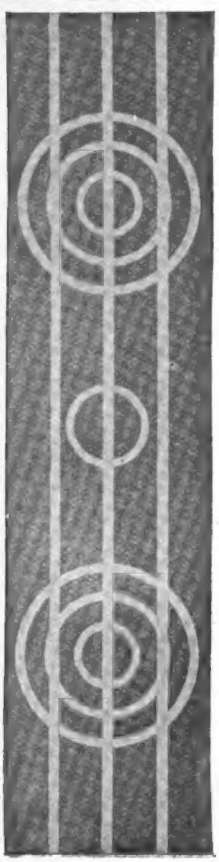

Photo *Fontanam & Banfield.*

MARIE STUDHOLME and JUMBO JUNIOR.

A Pretty Comedienne and a Popular Elephant.

A very much photographed young lady of the London musical comedy world, though she has had her experience of the provinces as well, where the work is heavy and the pay light.

Marie Studholme is a motorist, and in her own garden is a terror to caterpillars when they are eating her roses. Her companion here is our old friend Jumbo Junior, the smallest elephant in the world.

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Photo Bassano.

MABEL GREEN.

Marie Blanche in "The Little Michus."

Given a pretty face and a pretty voice, all one needs is plenty of brains and—well, there's plenty of room on top, you know. So Mabel Green found when she was shifted from the chorus at Daly's to a leading *rôle* in "The Little Michus."

"Nothing extraordinary happens on the stage," says Mabel Green, "at least, nothing has ever happened to me. I disgraced myself once, though. It was in a school play. I was Little Bo Peep, and went to sleep amongst the fairies. Well, I was sound asleep—snoring, perhaps—when I saw that several inches too much of stocking were showing. In my confusion, I got up and pulled down my frock, and then went to sleep again as if nothing had happened!"

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Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*

MASTER TONGE.

A Boy Actor in "Becket."

This young man made his first appearance in "The Eternal City" with Mr. Tree, first looking over the footlights on an auspicious occasion, for the King and Queen were present. Then he was Little Ib in "Ib and Little Christina," then in "Little Mary." An actor of experience by this time. But he is a clever fellow off the stage. His skating—he gained a prize at Hengler's Skating Rink last year—is wonderful. But he is busy, and when you consider that in his day he has to get in his lessons, his stage work, and time to sail his boat—well, the rest of the day has to be spent in bed.

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Photo *Hutchinson & Svendsen.*

ETHEL OLIVER.

A Gaiety Comedienne.

One of the many pretty young ladies of the Gaiety, with a short stage experience, but boundless ambition. First came a touring company, then London and important parts.

"The horse in the photograph," says the young lady, "is a very good one—that is to say, he only ran away with me once—in the Park. But another—an immense horse—ran away with me at Brighton, over miles of Downs, and into dozens of electric cars, and right into the middle of a thunderstorm and out the other end, wet but cheerful. Indeed, it was a lovely experience."

Ethel Oliver is a tall girl, with lovely auburn hair and bright eyes. She confesses to a love for horses and yachts and all open-air sports. She is clever with her hands, painting and embroidering and dressmaking easily.

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THE SCUTTLED HOUSEBOAT

The Story of a Daring Robbery.

By Harold Piffard.

There were many charming houseboats to be seen in the upper reaches of the Thames during the summer of 190-, but none, it was generally admitted, that could be compared with the *Peri*. Certainly upon a sunny afternoon she was a wondrous river-palace of delight. Masses of rare and exotic blossoms scented the air with their perfume, and the sun shone dazzlingly upon her spotless white enamel and her burnished silver fittings and appointments. From every boat that passed, as she lay at her moorings below Romney Lock, there rose exclamations of astonishment and admiration. And not without reason: the *Peri* was radiant.

Not unnaturally she was an object of some curiosity. All riverside folk, from Richmond to Oxford, had heard tales that summer of the lively doings of the young Marquis of Bardsey and the gay company which every week-end he gathered round him on the *Peri*. His much talked-of water-party, which took place during June, had created quite a *furore*.

A week after the fête had taken place, a party of campers, coming up stream upon a Sunday excursion, perceived with interest that a new camp, partly screened by bushes and trees, had made its appearance upon the banks of a quiet backwater close by Romney Lock, not very far from where the *Peri* was moored. Sprawling on deck chairs sat two men, idly watching the crowded traffic of the river.

The Romney campers were not unfamiliar figures in Datchet. Often of an evening they might have been found in the snug smoking-room of the Manor Hotel, joining in the general talk and gossip. It was possible that they had a purpose, for an acute observer might have become aware that very little which was said fell upon inattentive ears.

Young Talfourd came in one evening, and the conversation turned on the wonderful illuminated fête at the *Peri*. Talfourd had been a guest at that lively function, and was nothing loth to entertain an envious audience with a description of it. Adroitly led by the shorter of the two strangers, the talk drifted to the reckless extravagance of the gilded Marquis, and thence, by a natural transition, to the famous Bardsey jewels.

"Wonderful show!" said Talfourd, referring to his host's sensational costume. "Dress simply covered with gems. Sparklin' all over, like a thingummy in the Empire what-d'you-call-it—ballet, y'know."

"Rather risky, I should think," remarked someone. "Some of them might easily get lost."

"Or stolen," put in one of the strangers quietly.

"So we told him," said Talfourd. "But he only laughed and said he didn't see the use of havin' 'em if he didn't wear 'em. Besides," he added, "he's got all sorts of wheezes for keepin' 'em safe. Says the *Peri* is as safe and burglar-proof as a town-house. Showed us all sorts of contraptions fitted up for givin' an alarm. Still, it don't seem very safe to me, I must say. There's only his man Pym sleepin' on board during the week, and *I* shouldn't care to leave things like that in one man's charge."

A keen observer might have seen a quick glance of meaning—a sudden flash of mutual intelligence—exchanged between the two strangers. But it was momentary only; and the company was too engrossed to notice it.

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"The Marquis must place a good deal of faith in the impregnability of the *Peri*, I should think." It was the taller of the two strangers who spoke, and his tone had a note of interrogation.

"Yes," said Talfourd, "it's another of his hobbies—fads, if you like. All the doors are fitted with electric alarms communicatin' with the room in which the man Pym sleeps. Soon as Pym locks up for the night, all he's got to do is to switch on the current, and there you are. No one can get in without one or other of the alarms goin' off—probably half-a-dozen of 'em all at once—so a burglar wouldn't have much of a chance.'

Again that covert glance between the two strangers.

* * * * *

The camp at Romney Lock, so innocent and Arcadian in its simplicity, as viewed from the river, might have revealed, upon close examination, some curious features. It would have struck the least observant as remarkable that the iron "kitchen" should contain no window, and, had that small building been put together other than so securely and carefully that not a chink existed that could serve as a spy-hole to prying eyes, the inquisitive visitor would have been somewhat astonished at the nature of the utensils it contained.

He might perhaps have been puzzled at first to understand the precise nature of the small engine which occupied the middle of the floor. But on reflection, and after taking note of the flexible tubes attached to it, the ends of which vanished into a neat hole in the floor, he would probably have guessed it—and rightly—to be an air pump. The heap of grey waterproof clothing in the corner, with the thick and metal-shod boots, he might possibly have conceived to be an angler's wading outfit. But over the big copper ball, with panes of glass let into it, there could be no mistake. A diver's helmet is like nothing else, and a diver's helmet it was that lay on the floor beside two massive breastplates of lead.

The astute reader will at once suspect that the proximity of the camp to the *Peri* was due to something more than mere coincidence. Not without reason. But it cannot be said that the full significance of that proximity leapt to the eye, and Pym, custodian of the *Peri*, might well be pardoned for failing to see, as he polished up the metal work in readiness for the next week-end visit of the Marquis and his friends, what danger was threatened to his security by the modest little camp across the water.

But had Pym, on the night following the evening upon which young Talfourd had conversed with the strangers from Romney Lock, been wakeful and on the alert, instead of soundly asleep in his bed, he might have seen fit to alter his opinion. It was past midnight, and both camp and houseboat had been for some time plunged in darkness, when a flickering point of light might have been observed zigzagging hither and thither in the neighbourhood of the former. A superstitious watcher would have set it down, perhaps, as a glimmering will-o'-the-wisp; one of harder head would have guessed it to be the fitful flame of a lamp, swaying as it was carried to and fro.

It vanished presently, and the moonlight glittered undisputed upon the silent river. Then suddenly a broad shaft of yellow light flashed out amongst the trees and bushes about the camp. It was extinguished on the instant, but in that momentary gleam a strange shape might have been seen emerging from the open door of the "kitchen."

Silhouetted against the glare of the lamp behind, it showed the rough but clumsy outline of a human figure. Legs and arms were distinguishable, but, in place of a head, a huge round object like a massive ball appeared to be set upon its shoulders. It stepped slowly across the threshold and was lost, as the door shut swiftly behind it, in the gloom of the shadows beneath the trees.

But the moon shone bright on the open bank of the river, and presently the cumbrous shape advanced into the cold light of its beams. It is not improbable that the superstitious watcher, who would have mistaken the flickering lamp for a will-o'-the-wisp, might have fled, scared at the sight, thinking he looked upon the spectre of Herne the Hunter, or one of the uncouth shapes which terrified Falstaff in the depths of Windsor Forest.

If curiosity, however, had overcome alarm, he would have discovered that the apparition was no spectre, but merely (though scarcely, perhaps, the less astonishing for that) the figure of a man dressed in a diver's suit. He moved slowly, hampered evidently by the leaden soles of his boots and the heavy weights hung over his shoulders before and behind, dragging laboriously one leg after the other. The burnished copper of his massive helmet shone in the moonlight like gold.

Reaching the water's edge, he cautiously slipped one heavy foot into the water. With a soft splash the other followed, and pausing a moment to pick up a curious implement,

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like a double-bladed scythe, which he had laid upon the bank, he waded slowly into the stream.

There were weeds thick upon the river-bed near the bank against which the *Peri* was moored. Two years previously they had been an incumbrance on the surface to passing pleasure craft. They had been cut and thinned by the Conservancy men, but already, though they had not yet reached the surface, they were thick and dense again below.

It was to cope with these that the diver had brought with him his curious scythe-like tool.

Though the river was shallow by the bank, the *Peri* lay in fairly deep water—deep enough, that is, to permit the diver to approach her closely without the necessity, while using care and discretion, to reveal his helmet above the water. In daytime he would, of course, have been plainly visible in the clear shadows, but at night, with all still and the surface only of the water illumined by the moonbeams, he was safe from detection by a chance passer-by on the distant towpath.

The following day the Marquis of Bardsey and his party arrived. There were gay doings on the *Peri* that week-end, and the scene at the *al fresco* supper on the Sunday evening was a brilliant one. Not a few home-returning picnic parties paused a while to look at the merry company lounging under the fanciful illuminations of the houseboat, and to listen to the lively strains of the music.

The Marquis and his friends returned to town on the Monday afternoon, and the *Peri* was left once more in the sole charge of the trusty Pym. Night fell, and the latter, after setting all in order as usual, retired to bed. The last few days had been a busy time for him, and he turned in with readiness. If the poor fellow had only known.

There was no sleep, or thought of it, in the lock camp that night. Once more, when the midnight hour had passed, that uncouth apparition emerged from its retreat, and lumbering heavily to the edge of the river, disappeared into the depths. But this time the diver bore with him, in addition to the double scythe, a heavy iron crowbar, while coiled over one shoulder was a long rope from which dangled a small, treble-fluked anchor.

The diver slipped the coil of rope from off his shoulder. The anchor he drove hard into the river-bed, hauling on the rope to test its firmness. To the other end of the line was attached a metal spring catch, and this he snapped on to a stout metal ring, which, during a previous visit, he had screwed into the planking of the houseboat. Then he crept clear of the impeding mass, and, drawing closer to the bank, slowly straightened himself.

From the bulky tool-bag which he carried at his side, he fished out a heavy clasp knife, and pulled open the keen blade. Then, moving cautiously and slowly, he cut, one by one, the moorings of the *Peri*.

As the last rope snapped the *Peri* stirred slightly. But the stream was sluggish by the bank, and she showed no tendency to move from her position. The diver leant forward and with both hands pushed gently but steadily. The bank receded slightly; then one end of the *Peri* swung slowly out, and she glided, imperceptibly almost, towards mid-stream. As she did so the diver let go his hold and sank down again below the surface.

Slowly the *Peri* drifted out into mid-stream, and, catching the full force of the current, began a lazy voyage down the reach. Within, the snoring Pym continued his slumbers, undisturbed by these untoward events. Indeed, all had been done so noiselessly, so smoothly, that there had been no jar to awaken even the lightest of sleepers. Down below, the diver stood beside the sunken anchor and watched the coil of rope pay out gradually as the houseboat drifted on. Presently the last coil was unwound, and the rope rose in the water. It ran taut and shivered. The anchor dragged a couple of inches in the mud and then stuck fast. The rope held, the anchor held. The *Peri* was hung up in mid-stream.

With one hand on the rope to guide him, the diver set out along the river-bed. The *Peri* had not gone far, and before long he was standing beneath her. The depth of the water was not great, and by raising his arms but a little he could feel her timbers. There was no time to be lost, and, laying scythe and crowbar on the mud, he pulled an auger from out of his tool-bag.

It did not take long to bore the necessary holes in the planking above. Then the crowbar did its work. With the leverage it afforded, the timbers yielded beneath the furious wrenches of the diver. The *Peri* swayed under the attack and tugged at the drag-ropes. But the rope held, the anchor held. A plank was torn out, and the water rushed in. The *Peri* began to settle.

It was at this juncture that the unfortunate Pym awoke. The noise of the wrenching of

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the woodwork had aroused him. He listened sleepily at first, suspecting rats. But the noise was too loud, and he sprang up in alarm. Water was trickling in from the passage and forming a pool on the floor.

He flung open the door.

The corridor was awash, and he could hear the water pouring in somewhere. In a frenzy of fright he rushed to the window and pushed it open. As he did so a flood of water (for the river had already risen so high, and had been kept out only by the tightness with which the framework fitted) rushed in upon him and nearly swept him off his feet. He staggered and caught at the back of a chair in order to steady himself. But the chair toppled over, and he missed his footing. As he fell, he turned sideways, and his temple crashed against the projecting corner of a piece of furniture. Blood gushed forth, and he collapsed, senseless. The water, pouring in, rose steadily and covered his face. He did not move.

Below, the diver was watching the effect of his work. Two or three further planks had given way before his crowbar, and an ugly splintered gash had been made in the *Peri's* timbers. As the water filled her she began slowly to sink, and now the diver stood aside, clear of the descending mass, watching, like one fascinated, with his helmet up-tilted, the consummation of his fell work of destruction.

It was daylight now, and the dark, formless mass obscured the pellucid water overhead. As it settled down, looming larger and denser as it descended, the diver shifted his gaze and glanced downwards. What he saw struck terror to his heart. Sticking up from the mud of the river-bed, a few yards away, were the slimy stumps of some old piles.

Now, with horror, he perceived that his air-tubes were hitched round the tallest of the stumps beyond the descending hull of the *Peri*.

The diver had stumbled against them whilst busily scuttling the *Peri*. But though his feet had fallen foul of them more than once, so intent had he been upon his task that he had failed to step clear of them with circumspection. Now, with horror, he perceived that his air-tubes were hitched round the tallest of the stumps beyond the descending hull of the *Peri*.

Already the latter was too low in the water to permit him to crawl underneath, unhitch the tubes, and free himself; and at the slow rate of movement which alone was possible under water there was no time to circumvent the houseboat. In another moment the great mass would touch bottom, pinning the

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air-tubes to the river-bed. He would be unable to move—unable to breathe, perhaps! It was likely enough that the tubes would be squeezed tight, and the passage of air from the pump obstructed.

Cold sweat ran down the haggard face within the copper helmet. Anxious eyes, in an agony of terror, peered through the circular window. There had been little thought for the fate of poor Pym, whose body lay floating idly in the flooded chamber overhead. But this—this peril touched him nearly. To be caught like this—trapped by an evil chance—a mere fluke! His helmet seemed to stifle him, he gasped for the air that already seemed to be failing.

Then, as it seemed to the watcher, a miracle happened. The sinking mass paused, and sank no lower. He stared through his window as one spell-bound. He would have rubbed his eyes, had that been possible, to assure himself that no hallucinations were playing tricks with them.

No; it was not so.

The space of a couple of feet, or thereabouts, still intervened between the river-bed and the bottom of the houseboat. For the *Peri*, being wooden, was buoyant, and though waterlogged refused to sink entirely. With her top just showing above the water, she floated heavily in mid-stream. The diver gave a gasp of relief, and, cautiously moving round the inert hulk, disengaged his air-tubes. Then, well realising the vital importance of every minute, he set about completing his task.

It did not take long. Right opposite where he had been standing was the casement, burst open, of the room in which the grisly corpse of the unfortunate Pym was harboured. The crowbar did its work well, and before long a small, metal-bound casket lay on the mud beside the discarded scythe.

Then the diver, laying himself full length upon his side, and stretching his arm, beneath the splintered timbers, unhitched the rope which held the sunken houseboat to the anchor. The *Peri* moved sluggishly, borne along by the current, and so drifted slowly down the Datchet Reach, and was carried at length into the weir at Old Windsor. There, jammed hard against the piles, she was seen by the first to pass along the towpath in the morning.

There were big headlines in the newspapers that evening. The *Peri* sunk, the Marquis' manservant drowned, and the famous Bardsey jewels gone! What more could the heart of sub-editor desire?

* * * * *

Two or three weeks passed by, and the nine days' wonder subsided. The police had been diligent and mysteriously important, but at Scotland Yard it was privately confessed that there was no clue. By the river-side the grim affair had been the subject of much wild talk and wilder speculation; but, as time went on and nothing new came to light, the interest began gradually to fizzle out. It was then that the nocturnal activities of the campers at Romney Lock recommenced.

Their arrangements were complete. Camp-life on the Thames had ceased to have attractions for them—or, to be more exact, it had served its purpose. Full plans had been laid. It needed but to raise that metal-bound casket from the hiding-place, so simple yet so effective, in the mud of the backwater, where it lay waiting for them, and next day, all being well, they would be across the Channel. The camp would not be struck—anyone who might choose to claim it would be welcome to it. It was unlikely, however, that curious eyes, prying into the deserted "kitchen," would find the tell-tale pump and gear. That would be reposing in the mud of the deepest part of the backwater.

But there is an old proverb, be it remembered, about the best-laid schemes of mice and men, the truth of which has a disquieting knack of being asserted at awkward moments. So it was to be in the present instance. A slight accident to the machinery of the air-pump delayed matters somewhat, and it was growing light before the diver found himself in the depths of the backwater, working his way towards a spot marked by two old willows, and groping in the mud for the metal-bound casket which lay there.

He had found it, and was in the act of raising it, when a sudden jerking of the signal cord which connected him with his comrade at the pump interrupted him. Interpreting the tugs, he dropped the casket and stood still. Danger was near, and it would be unwise to cause any commotion of the water.

A girl in a canoe was the reason of this sudden message of alarm from the watcher at the camp to his submerged accomplice. Doubtless enjoying the fresh beauty of the early summer morning, the fair intruder paddled round the bend from the main stream. Through a spy-hole in his hiding-place the man at the pump followed her movements anxiously. She had come, he guessed, from one of the houseboats lower down the reach. Whither was she going?

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Would she hear the beat of the air-pump? It was a trying ordeal.

The girl paddled gently along the opposite bank. It was possible that at that distance she might not hear, or might ignore, the pulsation of the machinery. But to the horror of the watcher, the nose of the canoe veered and made straight for the backwater! Then it was that the frenzied message was jerked along the communication cord. The only thing to be done was to lie low and trust to luck. By good fortune the bubbles of air escaping from the helmet of the sunken diver might escape notice, so long as the surface of the water was undisturbed. The watcher cursed softly under his breath as the canoe and its occupant passed out of view.

It is at this point that there comes into this strange narrative yet another figure. This was a young man, one Marlowe by name, living at Windsor, who chanced, by a happy accident, to be walking from the lock, along the bank of the backwater, just as the girl in the canoe came paddling up from the opposite direction. He, too, had been drawn from his bed by the glorious summer morning, and was enjoying a brief saunter by the water before breakfast.

Now, it so happened that at the point between the two old willows which had served the strangers at the lock-camp for a landmark, the surface of the water was covered by a mass of water-lilies; and of these the girl, all unsuspecting of what lay lurking on the river-bed beneath, was intent upon gathering an armful. With this occupation she was busy when Marlowe first came in sight of her. He paused on the bank to admire from a distance. The girl's lissom figure, as she steadied the canoe with the paddle in one hand, and stretched out the other to pluck the flowers, made a pretty picture against a pleasing background.

But a sudden exclamation broke from his lips as he looked. A fine blossom, larger than the rest, unfolded itself proudly on the water, just out of reach of the covetous white fingers. Not content with the brave posy already gathered, the girl leant far out to pluck the envied prize. The canoe gave a quick lurch, and its occupant, though she made an effort to withdraw, lost her balance. In a moment she was in the water, floundering wildly and shrieking for help. She could not swim, and deadly terror seized her.

Marlowe, at this alarming spectacle, ran to give assistance. But he was some distance away; the boughs of trees overhanging the path obstructed him, and by the time he reached the scene of the accident the struggling girl had already sunk twice, and had finally disappeared from sight. The overturned canoe was floating hard by, but there was nothing to show the exact spot at which she had gone under. Not pausing to remove coat or boots, he took a running spring from the bank and plunged into the water.

But though he dived deep he could not find the body. He tried again, and yet again, but without result; and at length, exhausted, was fain to swim to the capsized canoe, and cling to it while his strength returned.

He was thus situated, panting for breath, and wondering desperately to what expedient he could resort, when his eyes beheld an extraordinary phenomenon. Not twenty yards away, amidst a sudden swirling of the water, there emerged above the surface the head and shoulders of the drowning girl. She was unconscious, it was plain; for her face was of a death-like pallor, and her head lolled back over her shoulders in a ghastly, corpse-like manner. It could not be said that the body had floated to the surface, for, instead of rising gently, it shot out of the water with some force. Head and shoulders, besides, remained well above the surface, which added to the singularity of the apparition.

After floating (as it seemed) in this curious position for a few moments, the body began to move slowly towards the bank, propelled by some invisible agency. Marlowe, amazed, stared speechless from the canoe.

What had happened? The intelligent reader will doubtless have guessed. As already explained, the patch of water-lilies, which had been the indirect cause of the capsizing of the canoe, lay just above the spot where the metal-bound casket, now so eagerly desired by the strangers of the lock-camp, had been sunk. Here, warned by his companion's signal, crouched in the mud the diver, waiting anxiously for a further signal which should tell him that the coast was again clear.

Presently, as he waited, a long shadow glided across the translucent water above him, and paused. The diver's heart beat fast behind his leaden breastplate. The shadow was a boat, he knew; he scarce dared to breathe, and the sound of the air-bubbles escaping from his helmet seemed to roar in his ears.

He peered anxiously upward. Suddenly the shadow seemed to tremble. It rocked and swayed, and a large, dark, struggling

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Not twenty yards away, . . . there emerged above the surface the head and shoulders of the drowning girl.

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mass was silhouetted on the instant beside it. As the latter descended upon him, the diver rose from his crouching position in alarm.

Then he witnessed a terrible sight.

It was the figure of a girl, fighting like a maniac, fighting with nothing. Her arms were writhing, her face was twisted, and her wide-open eyes had an expression of horror scarcely human. The diver watched her spell-bound. Even had he not felt himself rooted, as it were, to the spot, and his limbs paralysed, it would have been impossible, with his slow movements, to render assistance.

The struggling figure descended thus, some little way below the surface. Then it rose again, and the diver's vision was obscured by the commotion into which the water was thrown. Again the figure descended: again it rose. Then the violence of its movements seemed to decrease, and once more it drifted slowly down, but this time inert, lax, and but feebly moving. The look of horror had disappeared from the face; unconsciousness had succeeded the agony of mortal terror.

The spell was taken from the diver. His pulses stirred within him, and prompt action was restored to him. He forgot for the moment the real purpose for which he was there; forgot all, except that he was a man. As the limp figure reached his level, he made a slow step forward, and caught it with his hands. With the slightest upward push, the body ascended easily, and a sudden idea came into his head. Seizing the ankles, he gripped them tight, and pushed them arm's-length above his head, until he could see, glancing upwards, that the head at least had broken clear of the surface.

Maintaining his hold in this fashion, the diver strode, with such speed as he could make, towards the bank. What course was to be pursued when the bank was reached he did not pause to consider. For the moment his one idea was to get the helpless body clear of the water.

Such was the explanation of the strange phenomenon which met the startled gaze of Marlowe, clinging to the overturned canoe.

Half choked with his prolonged search under water, and dumfounded at the extraordinary spectacle which he had just witnessed, he clung to his support, dazed and stupefied. He was half inclined to think his wits had deserted him. But on the bank lay the prostrate figure of the girl, still half immersed in the water, and he came speedily to his senses. Dazed or not, his duty was plain. Letting go the canoe, with a few strokes he swam to the bank and clambered out. Then with some difficulty (for his strength was well-nigh exhausted) he dragged the limp body on to the level ground, and busied himself with an attempt to restore animation.

It was some time before she had recovered sufficiently to realise all that had happened. Breathlessly Marlowe told his tale.

His companion listened, weak and faint, to his confused narrative. But suddenly a light seemed to break upon her. With a woman's quick intuition, she grasped the significance of the seemingly incoherent story. Diver—under water—the sunken *Peri*—the lock-camp; the thoughts came tumbling through her mind in hurried sequence, and in broken sentences she jerked them out.

Marlowe, on his part, was quick to catch her meaning. But he was on the opposite side of the river, and there was no means, short of swimming, of getting across. He was about to plunge into the water again, when he reflected that such a course would be idle. The camp showed no sign of life, and even were its occupants still there, his intrusion upon them would do more harm than good.

He returned to the spot where the girl, drenched and shivering, sat propped against a tree. Her pluck was good, and she declared herself able, with the support of Marlowe's arm, to walk into Windsor. To return to her houseboat was impossible, for the canoe had drifted out of reach. From the lock to the town is some distance, and much time had elapsed before Marlowe, having seen his charge safely under cover, and properly cared for, was able to change his own dripping clothes and make his way to the police-station.

As may be readily imagined, the occupants of the lock-camp were not of the sort to let the grass grow under their feet. When at length a small posse of police raided the camp it was empty. The "kitchen" was locked, but a few well-directed blows soon burst open the door. Within stood the air-pump, and in one corner, the water oozing forth and trickling over the floor, lay the diver's suit and helmet in a dishevelled heap. In the tents the furniture, overturned and in disorder, gave evidence of a hasty retreat. But nowhere was sign or trace of either occupant of the camp. The birds had flown.

And the thousand-pound reward, it might be interesting to mention, which was offered for the recovery of the Bardsey jewels, is still unclaimed.

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Then he witnessed a terrible sight. It was the figure of a girl, fighting like a maniac, fighting with nothing.

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Little Models

Some Pretty Stories of Children Who Have Sat for Their Portraits to Miss Edith Scannell.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

"Brambles."

As a painter of little folk Miss Edith Scannell has long been familiar to all of us, and surely no painter deserves more credit and affection from the public than she does. All her life has been given over in the most loving way to the study of children and their wonderful ways and doings; and when she sets to painting them there is no end to the trouble and thought she spends in her effort not only to show them as they are, but to make their sittings as full of pleasure as possible.

She has great cupboards full of toys of all sorts and sizes, many of them costly mechanical arrangements that are almost as interesting to grown-ups as to the children. These are got out to suit the different little sitters' tastes and moods; and the artist's sister, who writes most charming little stories for children, gives her time to amusing them while Miss Scannell paints.

In this way the moments can all be turned to good purpose, for the sisters understand each other perfectly, and they both know what is wanted to get the best picture from each child, and work together most successfully.

Nurses are not very useful in a studio. They either want to keep the little ones too prim and stiff-looking, or else they think that the one thing necessary is for them to be kept fairly *quiet*, and likely as not place a picture-book for them to look at in such a way as to leave only the top of their heads visible to the artist.

The art of keeping the children happy and interested while being painted is known only to the few, and Miss Scannell and her sister have solved the problem through years of devotion and study. Some of the little toys are so much in demand that they fall to pieces with all the devotion bestowed upon them.

One of a benign old tabby who opens her mouth and "mews" most realistically is greatly loved, a certain little sitter being so fond of her that she always carried her home to sleep in her own little crib, and would bring her back in the morning.

Another model, a boy, was also very devoted to this same cat, and would sit with her under his arm and rock himself back and forth, saying: "I've dot a pussy tat, I've dot a pussy tat," and was as good as gold all the time.

The mechanical toys are in great demand, but the boys always want to "open them at the back" to see the works inside. That of a fiddler who plays for a pug dog and a plump little puss who are dancing is somewhat in danger from the inquisitive little fingers of the delighted youngsters.

Miss Scannell has the dearest little baby lay figure about the size of an eighteen months' old infant, and the admiration and devotion bestowed upon it have frequently resulted in the loss of fingers and toes, and twice of its head.

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"Hard Lines."

The little girls love to dress it up in *real* baby clothes while they are being painted, and content themselves all the morning through with dressing and undressing it. A pair of twin toddlers loved this little lay figure so much that they always had her seated in a high chair between them at the tea-table, with a biscuit placed before her. These little girls were always coaxing Miss Scannell to wash the poor darling's face, which was sorely the worse for wear, and to paint her cheeks pink, and her eyes deep blue.

There is a "grown up" lay figure in the studio as well, but most of the children are afraid of it, and if their toys roll over in its direction they will not go after them until Miss Scannell takes their hand.

One little girl, the daughter of a duke, who was having her portrait done, contented herself all the time by milking a toy cow.

Fairy tales and stories are of never-failing interest to the small tots, and Miss Scannell has found that the tales of naughty children are the most fascinating. The story that is always in great demand is about a little boy "who stole jam, and a girl who was very naughty at table."

Some of Miss Scannell's professional models had sat to Lord Leighton. His lordship, as everyone knows, was very fond of children, and used to talk to them a lot about his picture when painting them.

One little girl, who was as bright as she was pretty, could always tell any change made in a picture between her sittings. One morning Lord Leighton asked if she noticed any change in the work since the day before. "Yes, that rock has been put there." "No," the artist answered, "I think you forget." "Oh, all right!" his small critic spoke up like a flash, "*perhaps I* forget, or *perhaps you* don't remember."

Quite the favourite little model of Lord Leighton was one day sitting for Miss Scannell. She was a perfect little beauty of the old-fashioned type of child, with darling little flaxen ringlets and big, dark blue eyes. Miss Scannell was putting her into an old Reynolds style of frock with a wide blue sash.

"There," she exclaimed, as she saw what a perfect little picture she looked in the quaint muslin, "you belong quite to Sir Joshua Reynolds." "No"—and the wee girlie stamped her foot—"I'se dadda's!"

Miss Scannell finds it best to interest the little models in the idea of the picture, telling

A Future C. I. V.
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them what they are posing as, and she says it is extraordinary what little actors they all are if one can only get them interested in the subject. The idea for the picture "His First Pockets" was suggested by a little girl-model who had sat in boy's clothes as a substitute for a little portrait study who could not come as often as was required.

One day at the close of the sitting this child stood up, and for the first time discovered that there were two big pockets into which her tiny hands slipped, and she exclaimed in the most ecstatic manner, "Pockets!" So it was that the little picture came afterwards to be painted.

A very well-known engraving by Miss Scannell is "The Dead Bird," and shows a little girl looking up with tear-filled eyes from the dead pet in her hand. The model who posed for this was rather a jolly little soul, and would not respond to the artist's appeal to sympathy for the poor bird. "Just think of the poor little dead bird in your hand." "'Tisn't a bird—it's a handkerchief!" the child spoke up quickly, and that was the end of any attempt at getting a sorrowful expression on her face.

A Little Shrimper.

One little girl became very indignant over the preliminary stages of her picture, when the green background seemed to her to foreshadow the colour of her hair. "How uggerly!" she protested. "I fink vats fiteful! My hair is pitty yellow hair, and not gene; I hate it!"

A little girl who objected very much to being painted, but had to do so to please her "mummy," said to the artist very testily the first morning, "My hair is yellow, so don't paint it bright blue, don't you know." Another one said she did not want to be painted because the horrid stuff would feel so uncomfortable all over her.

A little fellow had a nurse, who, though most faithful, was never sure of her h's, and his mother was trying hard to correct him of this habit acquired from his devoted "nanny." Miss Scannell asked him about his birthday one day, and he answered in a crestfallen spirit, "I can't tell you because there's a haitch (h) in it."

"Oh, never mind that," Miss Scannell said, "just tell me anyhow."

"Well, it's on the h'eighth of h'August!" he managed very carefully to say.

Another time, when the artist asked a small tot: "When are you four?" she got the answer, "On my birfday."

A small boy who came up from the country to have his portrait painted was intrusted by his baby sister with her very dearest dolly, of which she wanted to have a special portrait made. The doll was put into its best white frock, and the brother was made to promise to undress it every night and put it to bed, and to dress it again in the morning for the sitting.

When showing a favourite picture in the Royal Academy one year Miss Scannell was visited in her studio by three different young mothers, who, one after the other, expressed their delight in the picture, and each said they wanted the artist to make a study of their little girl, as the picture was *just like her*. By-and-by the paintings were begun of the different children, and Miss Scannell was greatly amused to see that there was not the least possible resemblance between the picture in the Academy and *any* of the three little girls themselves.

Once when painting a portrait of a little

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Miss Brighteyes.
By Permission of the Artist.

girl at a big house in the country, Miss Scannell was asked by the housemaid for permission to bring an old woman who sometimes helped in the kitchen to see the picture. She was duly ushered in, and thought the picture "very like Miss Dorothy," but she would be afraid to be in the room alone with it, because it looked so like a living person!

Naturally it often happens that Miss Scannell pays a visit to the home of her little sitters, and paints their portraits in their natural surroundings. Whenever this does occur she has noticed a sudden epidemic among the little folks for water-colour paints, and much artistic enthusiasm is rampant in the nursery.

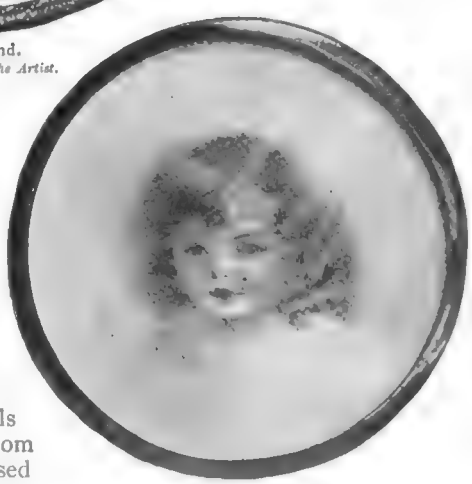
One little fellow, who persisted in making a "portrait" of the artist during his sittings, was very crushed when his nurse told him that, of course, he could not expect to be a painter like Miss Scannell, and said in a crestfallen tone: "But I might be a house-painter."

When painting the portraits of two little girls belonging to a lively family of eight, and with whom she was spending a fortnight, Miss Scannell passed through the most exciting experiences of her career as a painter. The elder girl amused herself while sitting by imitating the most piercing shrieks and whistles of engines and fog-horns, and the younger would relieve the monotony by passing time with attempts at mimicry of all the farmyard pets, such as the crowing of cocks, the braying of the donkey, and the more persuasive notes of the turkey gobbler; while at frequent intervals one or two of the other children would climb over the screen and tickle them with long feathers.

The brothers had very military tastes, and one day after lunch they barricaded the gallery leading to the second floor, on which Miss Scannell had arranged her temporary studio, preventing anyone going to the upper floor until quite late in the afternoon, when the "caps" for their guns gave out.

There was something very realistic always about their games. Once, acting a bivouac, they lighted a fire under their mother's bed. Miss Scannell used to have to go in search of her sitters many times a day, and would find them tobogganning on the roof, dancing horn-pipes on the billiard-table, or scampering about the drawing-room with their pet guinea-pigs or rabbits.

In Fairyland.
By Permission of the Artist.



A Rosy-cheeked Cherub.
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The little vanities of her sitters are often very amusing. Tots of three and four often have decided preference for wearing silk or satin frocks to simple muslin ones, and once, when painting a picture from a model of a poor little tot selling flowers, the small sitter made a great fuss over being painted in a ragged frock and with tumbled curls. Another little girl burst suddenly into the studio one morning announcing proudly that she had on a new silk frock and white kiddies (gloves) with three buttons, "and" — still more proudly — "they have been cleaned!"

Once when painting a saucy little mite the artist had repeatedly to tell her to sit up as she could not see her head.

"Well, I can see *your* head, anyhow," she got a reply one day.

Little folks often have very strange notions about other people's portraits. One portrait made by Miss Scannell was of the beautiful young mother of two mischievous little boys and a baby daughter. When the sittings were completed, the three children were brought to the studio to see the portrait. Miss Scannell was very curious to hear what they had to say, for they were not only very bright little ones, but possessed of all the natural frankness peculiar to childhood.

"Oh," exclaimed the elder boy, "mother has on her new dress and her pearl necklace!" While the second boy said: "Why didn't you paint mother's blue ring? You've only done her red one, and she's got a big blue one, and I like that one best." Then the baby daughter was heard above the rest of them, calling out to the pet cat, which also figured in the picture: "See, Pussy; see, Pussy!"

His First Pockets.
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One of her boy sitters went home one day and told his mother that he liked Miss Scannell very much. "She was such a very conversational lady." At another time he announced at lunch that he thought he would become an artist when he grew up, as it seemed to be a "very good trade."

No article would be complete about Miss Scannell's work without mention being made of "Tippie," a most delightful old Persian puss, which has figured in many of her best pictures, and has always been a great favourite with her little sitters. He is a beautiful creature, and most intelligent, sitting in any position required until he gets so tired that he goes off to sleep and topples over.

He sits in a baby's high chair when being painted, and looks altogether adorable. He, too, is very proud of fine raiment, and whenever he gets a new neck-ribbon, he rushes off to display himself, and parades up and down before the long mirror in the front hall.

In Mischief.
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Patterson's Kit-Bag.

The Story of a Supposed Burglary, which Ended Happily.

By Ward Muir.

I.

James Ogilvie Patterson was hard up, and hotel bills were things to be avoided. Wherefore, when he found that circumstances necessitated his staying for a night in the town of Seterham-on-the-Were, he bethought him of a certain maiden aunt who resided there, and under whose roof he might find a temporary lodging.

Miss Cope—for that was the lady's name—was hardly the sort of person with whom he would ordinarily have chosen to stay. But James Ogilvie Patterson was optimistic. "Aunt Mildred may not be so bad as she is reported," he said to himself. "Anyway, I'll see. If I call and mention casually that I'm in Seterham for the night, she'll surely give me a room."

On arriving at Seterham Station, a new difficulty presented itself. What should he do with his luggage? It consisted of one article—a kit-bag of the typical size and shape. He could scarcely carry it to Miss Cope's residence. That would be taking her invitation too much for granted. On the other hand, he did not see why he should leave it at the station, which was a mile a least from the town.

No; he would take the offending piece of luggage with him and hide it somewhere, before his interview with Miss Cope. After she had been duly allowed to press him to stay with her, he would depart on the ostensible errand of fetching his paraphernalia, and could then take the opportunity of smoking a pipe in peace until such time as it would be seemly for him to retrace his steps to the house, kit-bag in hand. The plan was simple, and apparently flawless.

The Magnolias, Miss Mildred Cope's residence, stood in a garden surrounded by a high iron fence. Patterson reconnoitred it, and then decided that the best place to conceal his old-man-of-the-sea bag would be within the garden itself. The audacity of the idea took his fancy, and he proceeded to put it into execution.

He entered the garden of The Magnolias as noiselessly as possible, stole on to the turf

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which edged the drive, and with considerable care shoved his kit-bag under a thick laurel-bush. This done, he gaily strolled up to the door of the house and rang the bell.

Of that interview with Miss Cope—though it was a lengthy one—Patterson remembers but little. The lady proved to be even more terrible than his relatives had led him to expect. And when—on hearing that he intended to stay overnight at Seterham—she explained that she would have put him up but for the fact that her best bedroom was already tenanted, the young man breathed a sigh of relief. A hotel bill, however heavy, was preferable to the agonising experience of a visit to such a residence.

"Yes," Aunt Mildred went on, "I have a visitor staying with me just now—Miss Virginia Gould. She's an American girl, and enormously rich. Very flighty too, you know. I'm really ashamed to introduce her into local society; her ways are so—you're already going? Ah, then I won't keep you. But you must come in and dine with me to-night."

Miss Cope rose, and presented a wrinkled cheek for her nephew to kiss. This ceremony concluded, she was leading the way to the door, when it opened, and a girl entered.

"Ah, Virginia!" Miss Cope cried, "this is my nephew, James Ogilvie Patterson, whose photograph I showed you in my album yesterday."

Miss Gould bowed, and Patterson had the presence of mind to do likewise. How he managed to murmur out a few words of greeting he hardly knew. The girl who stood before him was enough to upset the equanimity of any young man.

Her beauty was literally bewildering.

Moreover, as she gazed at him from under her big sun-hat, he thought he detected a lurking smile of mirth—almost of derision—which made the hot blood rise to his cheeks in a wave of uncontrollable shame.

The thought that this girl was, for some unknown reason, laughing at him, was galling. But it had the opposite effect to what might have been expected in a less manly spirit than Patterson's. Coldly he made his adieux and left the two ladies, promising to return to dinner in the evening.

He retrieved his bag from the shrubbery, and trudged to the nearest hotel. It may be supposed that he was pondering the question of ways and means, and thinking of the bill which he had failed to save. Such was not the case. One picture, and one only, filled his mind.

"'Virginia,'" he muttered. "By Jove, what a name! And what a girl! I'd give anything to—I'd work like a slave for the sake of—but that's nonsense. It's no good thinking about such an impossibility. Besides, she was laughing at me. She was amused at my clumsiness. Perhaps she thought my clothes weren't in quite the latest fashion. Bah!"

Yet it is a fact worthy of note that he was looking forward to dinner at The Magnolias with a joy which but a brief quarter of an hour before he could hardly have credited.

When he reached the hotel he went to his room to dress.

But on unstrapping the kit-bag a dreadful sight presented itself. Within its gaping mouth lay—not his dress suit, shirts, collars, and brushes, but—some half-dozen pieces of silver plate.

James Ogilvie Patterson's sanity reeled. He gazed into the kit-bag with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then he inserted his hand and drew out the silver. Two bowls and three salvers, each of solid silver, soon stood on the floor at his feet. Of his own belongings there was not a trace.

For fully half-an-hour Patterson wrestled with his whirling thoughts. Try as he would, he could see no explanation of the extraordinary metamorphosis which had taken place inside his kit-bag. For the hundredth time he was pondering the question of what he ought to do with the silver, when there came a knock at his door.

"Parcel for you, sir," said the waiter's voice.

Patterson awoke from his dreams and flung himself to the door to prevent an entry. He turned the handle cautiously, and looked out.

"Parcel for you, sir," the waiter repeated, handing him a bulky package wrapped in brown paper.

"Dear me!" said Patterson, looking at the label, which bore his name in unmistakable lettering. "Who can have sent it?"

"A lady inquired if you were here and left it a few minutes ago; but she gave no name, sir," the waiter replied.

Patterson, more bewildered than ever, carried the parcel into his room and cut the string. "More surprises still, I suppose," he murmured wearily. "Gold and diamonds this time, no doubt."

The brown paper concealed what seemed to be of higher value at this juncture than

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much fine gold and many diamonds—nothing more nor less than his dress-suit and the other contents of the kit-bag.

"Wonders will never cease," Patterson groaned, mopping his brow.

His eyes caught a gleam of white in the folds of the brown paper. It was an envelope. He tore it open, and pulled out a dainty card.

"Miss Virginia Gould," he read with amazed eyes, "presents her compliments to Mr. James Ogilvie Patterson, and requests him to retain the contents of his grip for the present, and until further instructions."

And Patterson, instead of trying to deduce anything from the import of this surprising message, or pause to ponder over the interpretation of "grip," deliberately and solemnly raised the card to his lips and kissed it.

II.

Miss Cope's small dinner-party at The Magnolias would not have been pronounced a startling success by the ordinary patron of such functions. The hostess was in her most acid mood. Nothing went right, either with the meal or the conversation, and the latter soon languished and died altogether.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, James Ogilvie Patterson enjoyed the meal—enjoyed it with a curious feverishness which was (truth to tell) half pain. Opposite him sat Virginia Gould, resplendent in a soft creation of white. Patterson wondered whether a more exquisite human being existed on earth. When they had met that evening she shot him a questioning glance, and he nodded in reply to indicate that he had received her note.

After dinner Virginia played a little on the piano, and—all too soon—Patterson received a broad hint from Aunt Mildred that he might withdraw. With sinking heart he left The Magnolias, and began to make his way through the dark roads of the Seterham suburb to his hotel.

He had not walked a hundred yards when he heard light feet in pursuit. Turning, he dimly perceived a white-gowned figure. It was Virginia Gould.

"Stop!" she panted.

Patterson needed no second bidding. "But—" he stammered—"are you not running a risk? If my aunt were to——"

"She won't know I've gone."

"But the night-air, you know——"

Virginia dismissed his anxieties with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"I shan't catch cold," she said. "Besides, whatever the danger, I must speak to you about that silver plate. An explanation is due to you for the annoyance I have given."

"I require no explanation, really," Patterson protested. "I confess I was surprised on opening my bag; but when your note arrived and the parcel, I assure you I felt no further curiosity in the matter. It was enough for me to know that you had some connection with it. My only request now is that you will instruct me what to do with the things. I am wholly at your command."

He was so eager that he felt painfully aware of the stilted fashion in which he had expressed himself. Virginia, however, seemed to have become oddly shy. She picked nervously at the lace on her breast, and her gaze avoided his. Presently she spoke.

"I saw you hide your grip—bag, I mean—under the laurel-bush this afternoon." This in a very humble whisper. "I knew who you were, because of your photo in Miss Cope's album. Well, I couldn't help being a little amused—because—I guessed your object—and——"

"Please do not trouble to explain," the young man implored. "I quite understand. You saw that I hoped for an invitation. No wonder you were amused."

"Oh, don't speak like that!" she cried. "It hurts. I realise now how silly I was. Well—I went and looked at your bag, and then (most wrongly as I now see) I undid the straps out of sheer idle curiosity. To my surprise the lock was not fastened, and it occurred to me to put something inside—a bit of stick, or a few leaves, or anything of that sort—just for fun. And then all of a sudden an idea struck me. I carried off the bag into the house, emptied out your things, and put Miss Cope's silver plate inside instead. It was simply the freak of the moment. Miss Cope had bored me, oh, so dreadfully showing me the plate, and telling me its history, and I thought Miss Cope was sure to ask you to stay the night at The Magnolias, which would give me a splendid chance of—of—well, having rather a joke at your expense, you know, when you discovered the conjuring trick that had been played with your belongings. But when I found that you were going to a hotel, I was frightfully upset. And—and now what on earth am I—are we—to do?" She broke off with an impulsive gesture. "I am so very, very sorry," she said. "I feel terribly ashamed of being so childish. Do you forgive me?"

He saw that her eyelashes were edged with tears.

"Forgive you?" he exclaimed, "forgive?

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Why, I feel so glad that you put that silver in my bag that I can never thank you enough. I wouldn't for worlds have——"

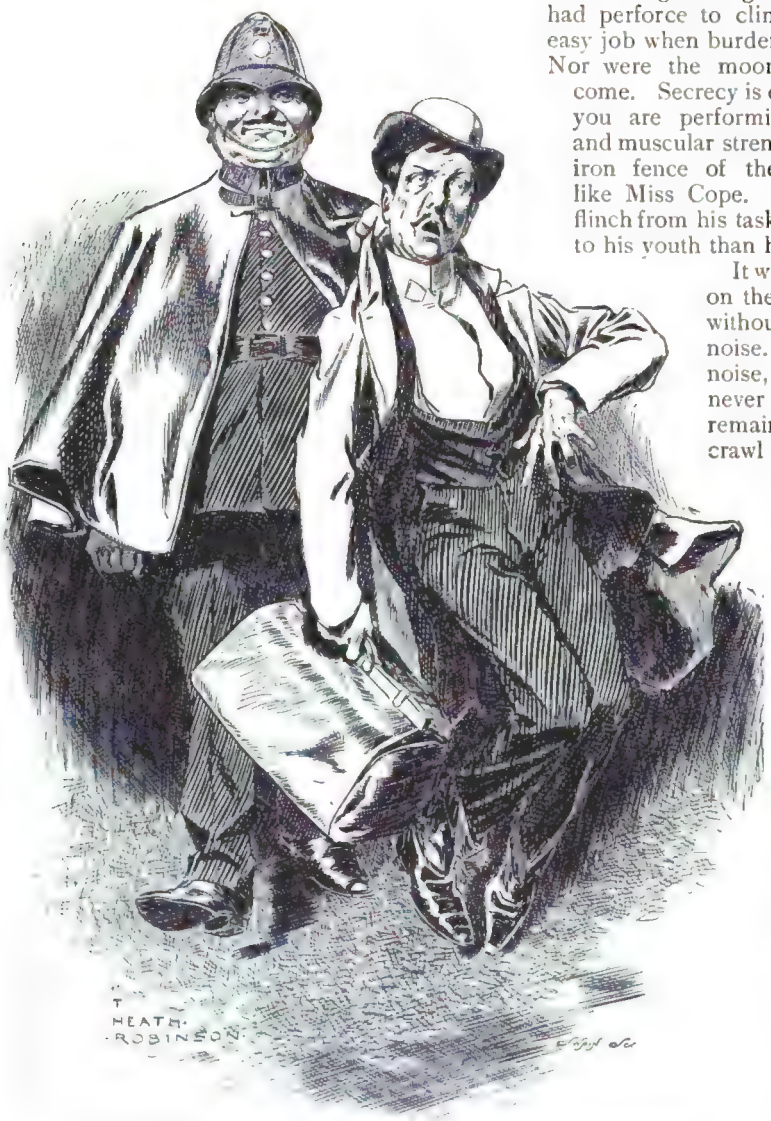
Then he suddenly stopped and bit his lip. This was no way for a penniless gentleman to talk to a Miss Virginia Gould, American heiress.

"To begin with," he went on in a changed manner, "the silver must be replaced in my aunt's cupboard before it is missed. I had better do so myself, to-night. Or rather, I shall bring it to The Magnolias and give it to you, say, at midnight, in order to avoid observation. Come down to the front door exactly on the stroke of twelve, and I shall have the plate ready for you."

"Very well," she said.

Patterson hurried back to his hotel, packed the silver plate in his kit-bag for portability, and retraced his steps to The Magnolias. He felt oddly guilty as he approached the villa. There was something which savoured of burglarious doings in his mission. But he would have committed fifty burglaries for the sake of seeing Virginia Gould again.

His first difficulty presented itself in the shape of The Magnolias' gate, which was locked. He had perforce to climb the iron railing—no easy job when burdened with a bulky kit-bag. Nor were the moon's rays altogether welcome. Secrecy is distinctly advisable when you are performing feats of gymnastics and muscular strength on top of the spiked iron fence of the residence of a lady like Miss Cope. That Patterson did not flinch from his task may be ascribed rather to his youth than his wisdom.



In a moment that young gentleman felt the grip of the law upon his shoulder.

It was impossible to descend on the inner side of the fence without making some slight noise. Whether it was this noise, or the moonlight, may never be known; but the fact remains that he had begun to crawl through the shrubbery to the house before a window was thrown open and a female voice—that of Aunt Mildred—shrieked loudly for help.

Patterson leapt up, and stood in indecision. The delay was fatal. A policeman was already rattling the gate. Finding it locked, he clambered over the railings with an agility which matched Patterson's own. In a moment that young gentleman felt the grip of the law on his shoulder.

"I've caught 'im, mum!" the constable assured Miss Cope, and then proceeded to admonish his captive not to attempt to escape. The latter

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"You shan't confess anything of the sort," she cried. "I stole the plate myself."

hastily reviewed his chances, and then decided to yield. Burdened with the kit-bag, a dash for liberty would be hopeless. Without the kit-bag, on the other hand, it was objectless.

Before he could realise what was occurring, the hall door of The Magnolias opened, framing Miss Cope in a blaze of gaslight.

"Bring him in here, constable," she ordered.

Patterson's knees (it is no shame to tell) trembled beneath him as, carrying the kit-bag, he marched with the policeman into his Aunt Mildred's dining-room. Her reception of him was hardly reassuring. She glared with a face in which amazement and anger were blended. Finally, she drew her dressing-gown around her spare figure (as though to avoid contamination from a criminal) and sniffed disdainfully.

"So this is the way you repay my hospitality, Ogilvie?" she said.

"Indeed, Aunt Mildred," he began. "I don't think——"

"Explanations are a waste of time," explained Miss Cope. "You have either burgled my house or were going to burgle it. By opening that bag of yours we shall be able to decide conclusively whether you are guilty of the lesser or the greater offence."

The policeman laboriously unfastened the kit-bag's straps. Patterson looked on, fascinated. His doom would soon be sealed.

Yes; the moment had come. The bag was opened, and the two silver bowls and three salvers solemnly and impressively lifted out.

"It is as I thought," said Miss Cope. "Ogilvie, I am ashamed of you!"

The tableau was a dramatic one, and doubtless the attitude of the three actors may have seemed a trifle theatrical to Miss Virginia Gould. That young lady broke

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somewhat noisily into the room just in time to hear Miss Cope's speech.

"Virginia," said Miss Cope, "I am in the midst of a most painful interview. Run away to bed, like a good child."

"Oh, please, Miss Cope, do let me give you a word of explanation," the girl pleaded. "Mr. Patterson was only——"

"Say no more," Miss Cope commanded, in tones that brooked no interference. "All I ask" (turning to her nephew) "is: Did you, or did you not, steal this silver plate?"

A mist swam in front of Patterson's eyes. Through the mist he saw the figure of Virginia, now dissolved in tears. Clearly and distinctly he gave his answer:

"I am ashamed to confess, Aunt, that I did steal these things."

Virginia sprang forward. "You shan't confess anything of the sort," she cried. "I stole the plate myself. At least, I didn't steal it, but simply took it for an idiotic joke, from whose results Mr. Patterson has most bravely tried to shield me at his own expense."

And with that she poured into the astonished ears of her aunt the whole tale of the kit-bag, the shrubbery, and the midnight appointment.

Miss Cope received the story with a silence that was more terrifying than words. When it was over she drew half-a-crown from her pocket and bestowed it upon the unfeignedly amused policeman. "We shall not require your services any longer," she said coldly. "My first duty," she proceeded, when the man had gone, "is to replace my property in my cupboard. After that I shall have something to say to you both."

She gathered up the salver and bowls, and sailed out of the apartment.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when Patterson, who was standing stunned with the turn affairs had taken, felt a soft hand slip into his. He looked up and met Virginia's tear-stained countenance. But the tears were gone, and in their place was an expression which gave him an undefinable thrill of excitement.

"You acted nobly," Virginia said. "I could see in your face that you would have simply and silently gone to prison with the sole object of saving me a few minutes' disgrace. I can't say what I think of such chivalry. It makes me thoroughly ashamed of myself."

Patterson blushed like a boy.

"I'd have gladly done anything——" he began; and then his tongue was tied again, and he tried to withdraw his hand from her grasp.

But she would not let him go. Girl though she was, she had read his thoughts as clearly as though he had spoken them aloud. Patterson trembled at the insistent clasp of her fingers. For an instant he fought manfully against himself. Then his eyes rested momentarily on her face, and he saw something there which made him suddenly clasp her in his arms.

Five minutes later Miss Cope returned from the silver cupboard.

"What does this mean, Ogilvie?" she gasped, for Patterson and Virginia were oblivious to her presence.

It was Virginia who replied.

"I guess it means that I'm going to be Mrs. James Ogilvie Patterson," she said firmly.

The chronicler is gratified to be able to record—for the first time in the course of this narrative—that Aunt Mildred laughed outright. "Not" (as she afterwards remarked), "not that it was any laughing matter, I assure you."

Which is merely Miss Cope's way of expressing the fact that all ended happily.

Some of the Best Stories in the . . .

OCTOBER NOVEL MAGAZINE

. . are: . .

THE MOTOR THIEF - - - -	By Jessie Pope.
THE PENALTY OF THE PROXY -	By Evelyn Everett Green.
THE PELT HUNTER - - -	By K. and Hesketh Prichard.
SCIENCE AND THE CHILD - -	By Alice and Claude Askew.
"CAPTAIN" HALCRAFT - - -	By Victor L. Whitechurch and G. R. Downer.
BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT -	By Rafael Sabatini.

THE NOVEL MAGAZINE is the Magazine that is all Stories, and appears on the First of each Month. Price Fourpence.

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THE WASP AND ITS WAYS

The Life Story of One of These Insects Told by Itself.

EDITED BY JOHN GLENFIELD.

The first step in taking a wasps' nest. Gunpowder is mixed with water until about the consistency of putty. It is then moulded into a fine pointed cone.

SOMETIMES, when I have been visiting a dining-room to see what sweet things there were to pick up, I have overheard the remark that wasps are wicked, useless insects, with no higher object in life than that of stinging people, and I have even listened to flattering remarks about the bee, and heard sensible men telling each other what an admirable creature it was.

Now, this is all nonsense. The bee works as hard as I do, I will admit; but it is all with the purpose of storing up honey, so that it may have plenty to eat and a good time generally during the winter months. I and my friends, on the other hand, labour solely for the propagation of the species, for we do not hoard up nice things to eat; in fact, we are too busy in the summer to think of anything but work, and when the winter arrives we are most of us dead.

I mention this because I am sore about the supposed superiority of the bee. He is really much inferior to us, for he lives an entirely selfish life, while we are noble philanthropists.

You will sympathise with me when you have read my story. My only regret is that I cannot confine myself to an account of my own life, for that, unfortunately, does not constitute a generation. My mother was old for a wasp when I was born, and I know that I shall be dead long before her time comes. Yet I am not in any way unhealthy. It's just my nature, and the same fate will be shared by all my brothers and by my father and uncles as well. Only my sisters and mother will survive, and not all of them either.

Still I don't mind. We workers have a very good time, while the females have to stay at home and attend to the grubs. So if we don't live so long as they do we live more happily.

One day in her few spare moments my mother told me her life-story. That is how I am able to give you an account of a complete generation of wasps.

It was in the early spring that she woke up from her winter sleep. She must have been living before that, but she says she doesn't remember anything about her past, as her memory is not what it once was. When she woke up she felt giddy and faint, and for some time she could not move. But there was a ray of sunshine slanting into the hole where my mother had been sleeping, and the light acted on her as a sort of tonic. Bit by bit she recovered her faculties, and at last she felt strong enough to creep to the mouth of her cave and look out.

The exertion of moving so far had quite exhausted her, and for several minutes she lay at the entrance to her winter house, unable to move wing or leg. But the sun was playing full upon her, and it endowed her with new life.

After resting a while, she began to stretch her wings, and by-and-by she began to beat the air with them. She was glad to find that she had not forgotten how to fly. At the first attempt she fell to the ground, but the second saw her fairly launched into the air and circling round about.

The exercise did her good, for, after flying for ten minutes or so, she was herself

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At night the cone is taken, together with a spade and a piece of coarse sacking, to the nest. The powder is ignited and thrust, point foremost, well into the nest.

again, and ready to begin the important work that awaited her. She had never done this work before, but she knew all about it, because her mother had instructed her carefully during the previous summer.

The weather was still chilly, and my mother thought she would have to postpone her labours till the warmer days came. But the knowledge of how much depended on her gave her new strength, and she determined to make a start without delay.

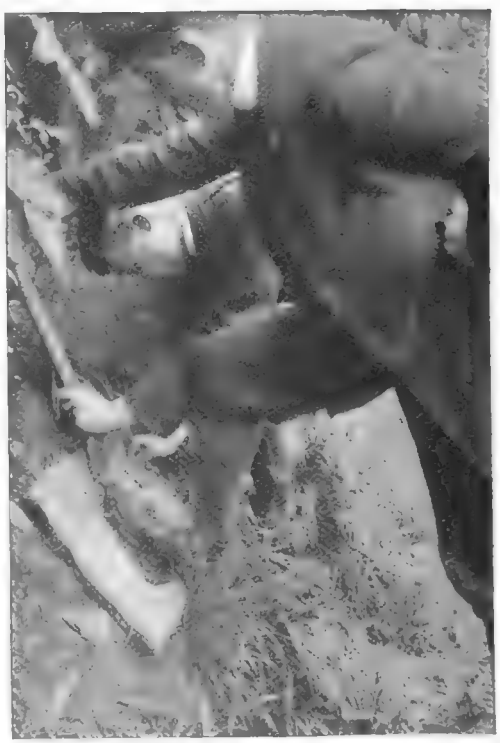
Flying along beside a grassy bank, she hit on just the sort of place she wanted. It was a tunnel that had been begun by a mole, but had never been finished. It was untenanted, but if it hadn't been, my mother would probably have turned the rightful occupant out, for the work she was engaged on was of too important a nature to allow her to stick at trifles like that. The reason why she chose a bank for the city she was about to found was because on level ground there would always have been a danger of the nest being flooded by water.

The hole not being quite large enough, my mother at once set about excavating it further. She cut lumps of earth from the roof and walls with her mandibles, and carried them outside with her paws. She was careful not to tip the rubbish near the doorway of her dwelling, for she had no desire to attract the notice of possible enemies. When the city should be garrisoned with an army of fighting men, each ready to lay down his life in defence of hearth and home, this precaution would, of course, be unnecessary, but in the meantime she was determined to take no risks.

When she had made the burrow as big as she considered necessary, she began to lay the foundation-stone of her nest proper, by attaching a strong pillar to the roof of the cave. This pillar was composed of paper.

By the way, we wasps knew how to make paper long before the process was discovered by man, which shows our vast superiority over the human race. We get our materials from palings and trees, and we are always careful to choose wood that is both rotten and dry. We saw it into small pieces by means of the powerful teeth with which we are armed on each side of our heads; then we chew it till it turns to paste, and we have only to spread it out thin and allow it to dry to secure paper of the finest description.

It took my mother a long time to finish that



The sacking, previously damped, is quickly placed over the hole and kept pressed against the bank by means of a spade, so that no smoke escapes. After allowing the fumes to take effect——

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pillar, for she had to bring it from the trees, a little piece at a time. But at length that part of her work was completed to her satisfaction, and she began to build the cells that were to contain her eggs. In shape they were six-sided, and they hung from the central pillar mouths downward. There were not many of them, for it is one of our principles not to keep a large house empty, but to extend our accommodation as the increase of the community demands it.

In each of these cells she laid a tiny egg, and watched it till in a few days a little grub made its appearance.

Here it is that my narrative begins to deal with my own life history. I well remember the first time I saw my mother. She was feeding my elder brother, who had been hatched a few minutes before I was. I wriggled about in my endeavour to attract her attention, for I felt very hungry and quite unable to fend for myself. She saw that I had come to life, and she immediately brought me a juicy piece of caterpillar.

From that moment I seemed to be always eating, and my poor mother had a trying time furnishing the larder that my brothers and I

After the earth around it is carefully cleared away, the nest may be lifted out; but care must be taken, as the outer wall is very friable, and crumbles away if roughly handled

—the nest may be dug out. Some nests are only hidden by a very thin wall of earth; others are about a foot below the ground.

so quickly emptied. But the day was rapidly approaching when we should be able to relieve her of menial duties of this description.

I ate till I could eat no more. Then I spun a silken web across the doorway of my cell as a sign to my mother that I did not require her attentions any longer. For a time I lay behind this silken covering; then my wings began to develop and my body to become striped in the most gorgeous manner. I discovered that I was no longer a grub, but a fully-formed wasp, and I forced my way out of the cell ready to assume my proper place in the world.

I found that some of my brothers had been before me, and that altogether we made up a family of very respectable proportions. We wasted no time, but immediately set about building fresh cells for our mother to lay eggs in, for she, poor old thing, was weary from her exertions and stood greatly in need of our help.

She made us go out and collect provisions, but she never allowed us to feed the grubs, why I do not know. She was a wasp of few words, and never gave us the reason for that.

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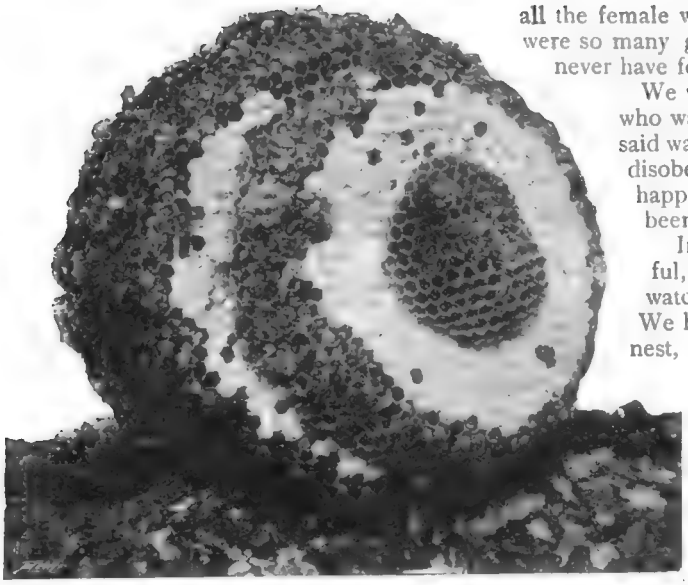
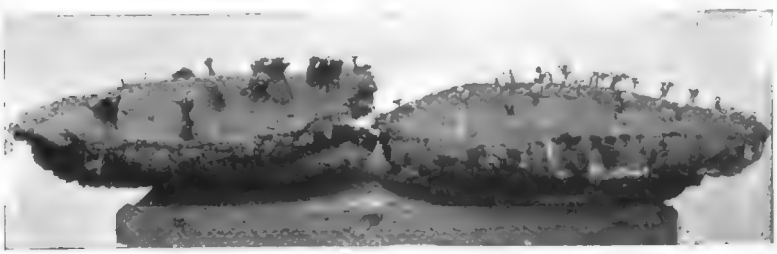


The nest on its side with the bottom of wall removed, showing female cells. The white cells spun by the larvæ before entering the *pupa* stage are clearly depicted.



Two combs, showing the supports by which one is suspended from another. They are taken from two different nests, to show the diversity in size of the pillars.

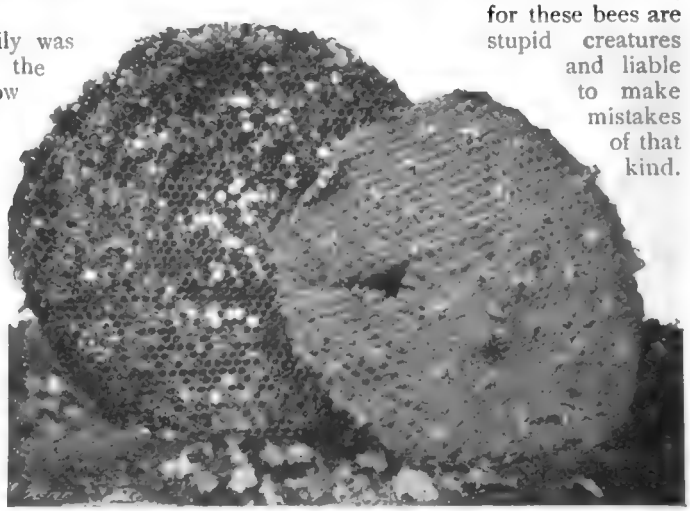
In a few weeks our family was some hundreds strong, and the nest had been added to till now it almost filled the cave. It was built in the form of a bell, and was divided into galleries. Each tier was suspended from the one above it by means of a number of sturdy paper pillars with fat ends and thin middles.

The reason why we did not place one gallery immediately below another was that we had to have room to feed the little grubs that held their hungry mouths out at the bottom of the cells. The feeding now was done by all the female wasps in the citadel, for there were so many grubs that my mother could never have fed them all herself.

We were governed by my mother, who was called Queen, and what she said was law. I never knew anyone disobey her; had such a thing happened, the effects would have been disastrous to the rebel.

Internally our state was peaceful, but we were always on the watch for enemies from outside. We had two holes leading into the nest, and it was the law that one of these should be used for coming in, and the other for exit only. These holes were just wide enough to allow one wasp to pass at a time, so that our rule was a necessary one. The idea in having the passages so narrow was to prevent a possible rush of the enemy, and the reason for having two doors was to allow us to escape in case of necessity.

During my career we have had only one invader. It was a bumble-bee, and I suppose he must have mistaken our house for his own, for these bees are stupid creatures and liable to make mistakes of that kind.



Two combs taken from the middle of the nest. One shows the worker cells with their inmates in all stages of development. In the other may be seen the hole through which wasps get from one comb to the other.

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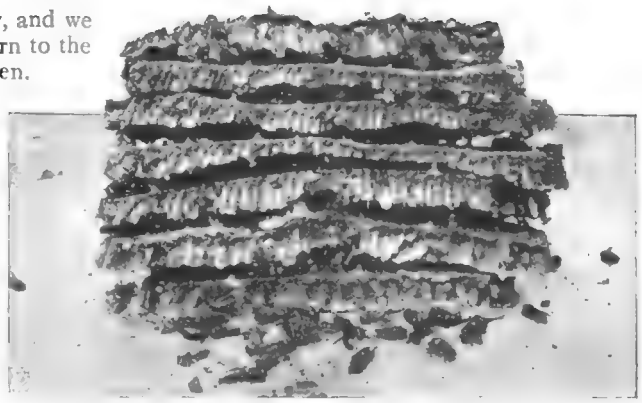
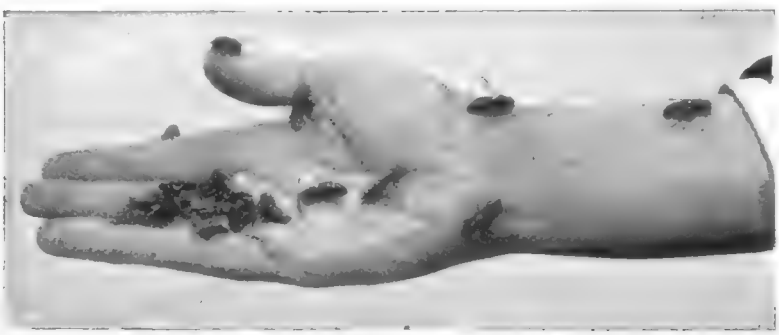
Anyhow, we treated him as a spy, and we made certain that he did not return to the outer world to tell what he had seen.

We don't like bees, but they are useful at times. Often we lie in hiding beside a hive and wait till the stupid things come home laden with honey. Then we pounce out on them and slay them, tear off their honey-bags and bear them home for the delectation of our sisters and wives, having first, of course, taken out a little of the honey in payment for the labours we have undergone.



A section through the middle of a nest, from top to bottom.

Honey stealing is one of our favourite amusements, for we are very fond of sweet things, and have no means of making honey for ourselves.



This picture shows the harmless nature of the large female wasps. They do not use their stings except under very great provocation.

I remember once looking in at the window of the sugar room at a brewery. It was a terrible sight. The sweet tooth I have been telling you about had proved the undoing of a number of my brethren. They had been sent out to work as usual, and had come to the brewery in search of food for the grubs. But, sad to say, their appetites had got the better of them, and instead of taking what sugar they could carry and returning home, they had yielded to temptation and had devoured so much sugar that they had become absolutely intoxicated.

Wasps are very easily overcome by sugar, and it is often used by the housewife and the scientist as a trap. A jar is half-filled with thin syrup, which is the delicacy we love best, and we fly down to the surface and gorge ourselves. Under ordinary circumstances, we could mount up again, but the intoxicating effect of the sugar makes us giddy, and we cross our wings and stumble, till, finally, we fall headlong into the sticky fluid and perish of suffocation. It is a sad, sad story.

Another temptation that is laid before us is whiskey. When we smell the breath of Scotland coming from the neck of a bottle, we become absolutely reckless and plunge in. If there are only a few drops of liquor we soon recover from our bout, and fly away again; but when there is more than that we are drowned—drowned in our souls' desire!

I remember once having a very narrow escape. A man pushed a lump of wet gunpowder into our nest and set it alight. The fumes were overpowering, and all of us perished except myself. Had I not fled to our emergency exit at the first alarm, I should not now be relating my adventures.

But of all the trials that beset us, save me from pyrethrum powder! We cannot resist its alluring perfume; neither can we recover from its poisonous effects.

Ah! There came a breath of frosty air! I can feel the stupor of winter stealing over me. My brain grows dull and my limbs stiffen.

But I do not murmur—it is fate. I can see the females flying away from the nest, and that comforts me. They go to find a warmer shelter, where they will await the coming of Spring. Then they will sally forth once more and found new cities, and populate the land with brilliant colours.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

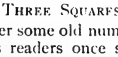
With a modest blush "Mr. X" prints the following letter: "Dear 'Mr. X.'—Oh, how can I Xpress my Xtremely Xalted opinion of your Xcellent Xtracts? I Xaggerate not when I Xclaim, 'Xquisite!' I Xperience an Xtraordinary Xhibition of Xcessive Xuberance of spirits when I Xtend my glance to an Xtra good Xample. For this Xciting Xperiment may I Xpect a puzzle penknife?"

Puzzle Penknives. Packs of ROYAL Playing-cards or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

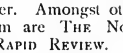
THREE SQUARES.

Looking over some old numbers, "Mr. X" notes that his readers once sent him some "square words." This was long ago. "Mr. X" has no doubt his friends are as fond of the game as ever. Amongst other publications of the Firm are THE NOVEL MAGAZINE and THE RAPID REVIEW. "Mr. X" this month offers a prize of Five Shillings for what are in his opinion the three best "square words," the first words of which are respectively "ROYAL," "NOVEL," and "RAPID."

Answers, marked "Square," must reach "Mr. X" by October 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.,



Q. Why is the letter F like a scandalmonger?
A. Because it makes a lie fly.



EASY TO PROVE.

SMITH MINOR: "Isn't it extraordinary what wonderful tricks animals can do nowadays? For instance, do you know how long a donkey can stand on one leg?"

JONES MINOR: "No."

SMITH MINOR: "Try it yourself then, old man, and see."

Q. Why did the clay pipe?
A. Because the cigar-cutter.

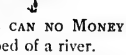
A MOTOR PROBLEM, CONTINUED: OR MORE TODHUNTER UP-TO-DATE.

In the June ROYAL "Mr. X" gave a little motor problem (adapted from Todhunter). In the problem: U = the driver of the car; V = the velocity of the car. It was shown that if a sufficiently high power was given to V, P.C. would ultimately be reached, and that in this event it was best to square P.C. by use of the well-known theorem:

$$P.C. + L.S.D. = (P.C.)^2$$

A correspondent sends "Mr. X" some deeper workings of this problem. He points out that a good plan is to describe a circle about P.C. So far as P.C. is concerned, L.S.D. then becomes a rapidly vanishing quantity.

But if P.C. is raised to the third power so that P.C. 1, P.C. 2, and P.C. 3 are situated equidistant from one another along the same straight line (a measured furlong for example), the case is very different. Because if a circle is described around P.C. 1 at a very high power of V, P.C. 2 and P.C. 3 will become anything but negligible quantities. Now, if in addition to describing a circle about P.C. 1 the motorist also eliminates some portion of the factor B.P. (British Public), it is possible that instead of writing Q.E.D. at the foot of the proof you would require to write Q,U.O.D.



WHAT THREE THINGS CAN NO MONEY BUY?

1. A sheet for the bed of a river.
2. A lock for the trunk of an elephant.
3. A button for a coat of paint.

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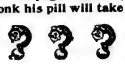
Your nose place level with the pill
(Hold steady, pray, don't shake),
Now draw the page towards you, and
The monk his pill will take!



HAMLET.

To these five strokes

I I I I I

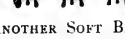
add three strokes so as to illustrate a quotation from "Hamlet." The three strokes make the five into:

K I N I

The quotation being: "A little more than KIN and less than KIND."

THE BAG OF BISCUITS.

Tom had a bag of biscuits. Told by his mother to give Mary some, he did so, keeping for himself just twice as many as he gave Mary. Mary complained, and his mother made Tom give Mary one biscuit more. Now Tom had just one and a-half times as many as Mary. How many biscuits had he originally?



ANOTHER SOFT BIT.

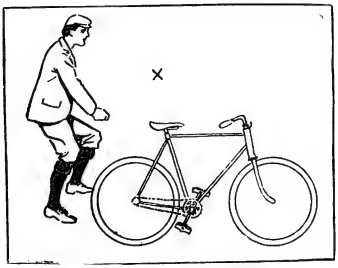
Scene: Tea-time.

JAMES: "Will you bet me a shilling I can't push my saucer through the handle of my cup?"

JOHN: "Rather; it's quite impossible without breaking the saucer."

JAMES: "Not a bit of it."

(He passes the handle of his spoon through the handle of his cup and pushes the saucer with the spoon.)



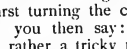
Your nose place level with this cross
(But not unless you like),
Now draw the page towards you, and
The man will mount his bike!

A POPULAR DITTY.

PADDY: "Have you heard that new song about the coster's barrow?"

SANDY: "No. How does it go?"

PAT: "On wheels—you push it."



A SELL.

You are certain of a laugh at somebody's expense if, first turning the conversation on relationships, you then say: "Well, look here, here is rather a tricky point. Can a man marry his widow's niece?"

When the point has been argued long enough you point out that he certainly cannot, because he would be dead.

RESULTS.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.—In this competition, set in the July ROYAL, readers were offered a prize of Five Shillings for what "Mr. X" considered the best example of a word containing in itself many other complete words. Although it was distinctly stated that the letters must not be shifted (and as an example it was shown that in the word "Disheartten" "shed" was not admissible), a number of competitors disregarded this rule, and were in consequence disqualified. The prize of Five Shillings goes to Mr. E. L. Holland, Niton, I.W., who sent in the word "Hearth-stones." In it Mr. Holland found twenty-eight words, but "Mr. X" could only admit twenty-one, as follows:

He	**Hearthstone**	**Art**	**Tone**	
Hear	**Ear**	**Stone**	**Tones**	
Heart	**Earth**	**Stones**	**O**	**Ones**
Hearth	**Earths**	**To**	**On**	
Hearths	**A**	**Ton**	**One**	

Puzzle penknives are awarded to Mr. J. B. Shrewsbury, Rodland Hill House, Bristol, and Mr. Dandell McDonald, 37 Kirkstall Street, Liverpool, who both sent in the word "Anagrammatically." In it Mr. Shrewsbury found twenty-nine words, Mr. McDonald twenty-three, but in each case "Mr. X" could only admit twenty:

Anagrammatical	**Grammatically**	**Am**	**I**
Anagrammatic	**Grammatical**	**Mat**	**Call**
Anagram	**Gram**	**Ma**	**Ally**
An	**Ram**	**At**	**All**
Nag	**Amma**	**Tic**	**A**

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MRS BROUGHTON'S CAT

How it Helped a Timid Lover.

By Una Q. Hudson.

Mr. Chalmers stood on his doorstep and watched the unloading of the furniture van drawn up before the next house. A heavy frown gathered between his eyes when he saw the small gilt chairs, the frivolous little tables and cabinets, and the unmistakably feminine toilet-table that were being set down on the footpath.

So far as he could see, there was not a single thing that would seem to indicate a masculine owner and Mr. Chalmers feared that the worst had come upon him. Fifteen minutes later, when a slim, fair woman, wearing a smart black coat and skirt, came up and began to direct the van men after the manner of one having authority, he was sure of it.

Mr. Chalmers disapproved of women in general, and handsome young widows in particular. It was bad enough to have a giggly and flirtatious lady of rather more than marriageable age in the next house but one, but a widow within easy calling distance of his back door would be infinitely worse. Mr. Chalmers feared he would have to move.

He went in and picked up the morning paper and glanced over the "Houses to Let" column. There was nothing there that gave promise of meeting his requirements, and he decided to apply to a house agent.

Later he changed his mind. The woman, whose name, so the postman informed him, was Mrs. Celia Broughton, was proving unexpectedly unobtrusive. She had to live somewhere, Mr. Chalmers magnanimously admitted, and so long as she did not make herself objectionable, he would try to endure her undesired proximity.

She lived very quietly, had few visitors, and went out but seldom. Through the winter Mr. Chalmers saw very little of her. But with the coming of the first spring days she began to be a good deal out of doors.

A man came and dug up her tiny garden, and every morning she came out wearing a broad, floppy hat, and worked with a ridiculous set of garden tools that might fittingly have accompanied a doll's house.

Her sombre black gowns, Mr. Chalmers observed, were giving place to the greys and lavenders of mitigated grief. He noticed, too, that her hair curled in little rings about her ears, and that her cheeks were delicately pink.

She sang happily as she worked in her diminutive garden, and Mr. Chalmers one day discovered—very much to his own surprise—that he was whistling an accompaniment to his neighbour's song.

She trained vines over her verandah, and brought out chairs and gaily-coloured cushions. Every pleasant afternoon she sat there, reading or sewing, and Mr. Chalmers, covertly watching her, was for the first time conscious of something lacking in his own domestic arrangements.

The man who served him in the capacity of cook and butler and valet—all three rolled into one—attended perfectly to all his wants, but the air of "home," that even at a distance seemed to cling to Mrs. Broughton's modest little house like some subtle perfume, was, in Mr. Chalmers' establishment, conspicuous only by its absence.

He sought in vain to discover wherein lay the difference, even going to the length of shamelessly duplicating Mrs. Broughton's chairs and cushions, but, try as he would, he could not make his own garden seem so attractive as that of his neighbour.

Sometimes a big grey cat came out with Mrs. Broughton, and curled herself contentedly on one of the cushions.

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Mr. Chalmers began to take an interest in that cat. He saw her one day sitting on the dividing fence between his own and Mrs. Broughton's garden, and promptly went out to make her acquaintance. He was not without a sneaking hope that Mrs. Broughton might be somewhere in evidence on her side of the fence. In which case———

He put out a tentative hand. "Nice kitty," he began ingratiatingly.

Unfortunately that particular cat seemed to be as deeply distrustful of men as Mr. Chalmers had formerly been of women. She arched her back and swore at Mr. Chalmers, and hastily shot down among Mrs. Broughton's sweet peas and nasturtiums.

It being quite evident that pussy was not to be won over by fair words, Mr. Chalmers determined to appeal to her carnal appetite. The next time he approached her it was with a bit of meat in his hand.

Though she still regarded him with obvious suspicion, yet she condescended to partake of the meat—after he had placed it on the ground and withdrawn to a respectful distance.

This manœuvre worked so well that a day or two later Mr. Chalmers saw fit to repeat it—with variations. When the tempting morsel had been judiciously displayed and dropped into the grass on Mr. Chalmers' side of the fence, pussy promptly descended in search of it.

The morsel of meat having been duly found and devoured, she was not long in discovering another piece placed a little further from the fence, and, consequently, a little nearer to Mr. Chalmers' house.

Then another and another, and before she fairly realised it, pussy found herself at Mr. Chalmers' back door. She would have fled then, but a hand shot suddenly out and dragged her within.

For two days the grey cat's owner sought diligently for her pet. On the afternoon of the third day, when she had finally given up all hope of ever seeing that particular cat again, Mr. Chalmers rang his neighbour's doorbell. In his arms he carried the grey cat.

Mrs. Broughton herself opened the door. Her smile included both Mr. Chalmers and the cat, and a disinterested observer might have inferred that something appealed strongly to her sense of humour.

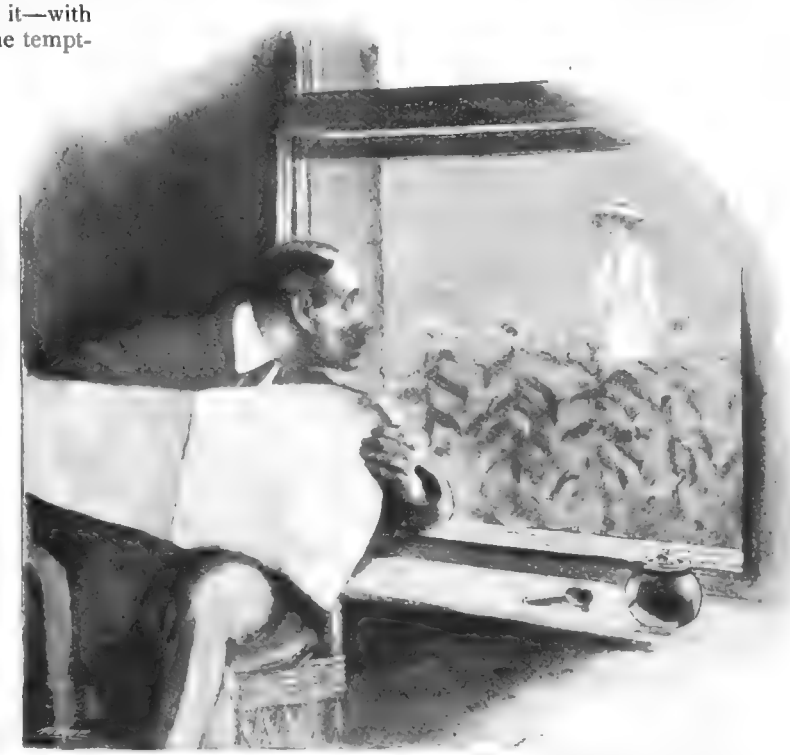
"I—I found this cat," began Mr. Chalmers, stammering somewhat in his deliberate and premeditated juggling with the truth, "she's yours, isn't she? I think I've seen her on your verandah."

Mrs. Broughton kept on smiling.

"She's been over here a good deal," she admitted, "but she isn't mine. She belongs to Miss Farrar (Miss Farrar was the giggly lady), and she'll be so glad to get her back. She was afraid she was permanently lost."

It was worth a great deal to see Mr. Chalmers' face at that particular moment.

"Miss Farrar lives next door," Mrs.



Mr. Chalmers one day discovered . . . that he was whistling an accompaniment to his neighbour's song.

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Broughton went on encouragingly. "I'm quite sure she's at home, and she'll be so grateful to you for bringing back her cat."

Mr. Chalmers hadn't a doubt of it. As a matter of fact, it was that very gratitude of Miss Farrar's that he particularly wished to avoid. He lifted his hat to Mrs. Broughton, and stumbled off her step.

"I—I'm sorry to have troubled you," he mumbled confusedly. "And I'll just put the cat down. She can find her way home all right, don't you think?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," Mrs. Broughton agreed cheerfully. "But you really mustn't do that, you know. Miss Farrar is so fond of her cat, and she'll want to thank you for bringing her back."

Afterwards Mr. Chalmers decided that Mrs. Broughton's bright eyes must have hypnotised him. He meekly went down her garden path and up Miss Farrar's.

That lady fell upon her restored cat with a shrill cry of delight. For one awful moment Mr. Chalmers feared that he was about to be included in her rapturous embrace. He refused her cordial, even pressing, invitation to come in, and backed hastily down the path.

"Come again, do, Mr. Chalmers," she called after him.

"I'll be hanged if I will," he muttered to himself as he shut the gate with a sharp click.

Mrs. Broughton was standing by her front fence as he walked dejectedly past. Ostensibly she was picking sweet peas.

"Oh, Mr. Chalmers," she called. But very softly, lest Miss Farrar should be still within earshot.

Mr. Chalmers stopped obediently. Mrs. Broughton came as close to him as the intervening fence would permit, and her eyes laughed up into his.

"Mr. Chalmers," she said, "would you mind telling me just why you—er kidnapped Miss Farrar's cat?"

Mr. Chalmers leant heavily against the fence.

"You knew?" he managed to articulate feebly.

Mrs. Broughton nodded.

"I saw you," she confessed. "Why did you do it?"

"Because," said Mr. Chalmers, telling the truth out of sheer inability to think out a plausible lie at such short notice, "because I wanted to know you, and I thought the cat was yours, and I didn't know of any other way——"

She reached out a slender hand and opened wide her gate.

"Do you," she questioned demurely, "consider that you now know me well enough to come in and have a cup of tea?"

Mr. Chalmers promptly signified that he did.

LITTLE MISS CUPID.

Love is a mischievous lad,
Heigho!
(*That*, who would dream of disputing?)
Most of the troubles we've had,
I trow,
Come of his habit of shooting.
He makes us sad and he drives us mad,
Does all he can to annoy—
He's a mischief-making,
Game-laws-breaking,
Impudent broth of a boy!

If Love had been born a maid,
Ah me!
Should I be wrong if I claimed that
None need have felt afraid
That *she*
Would ever hit aught she aimed at?
And though each dart had missed the mark,
Would ever a soul upbraid
A bread-and-butter,
All-of-a-flutter,
Innocent slip of a maid?

A. S. Harris.

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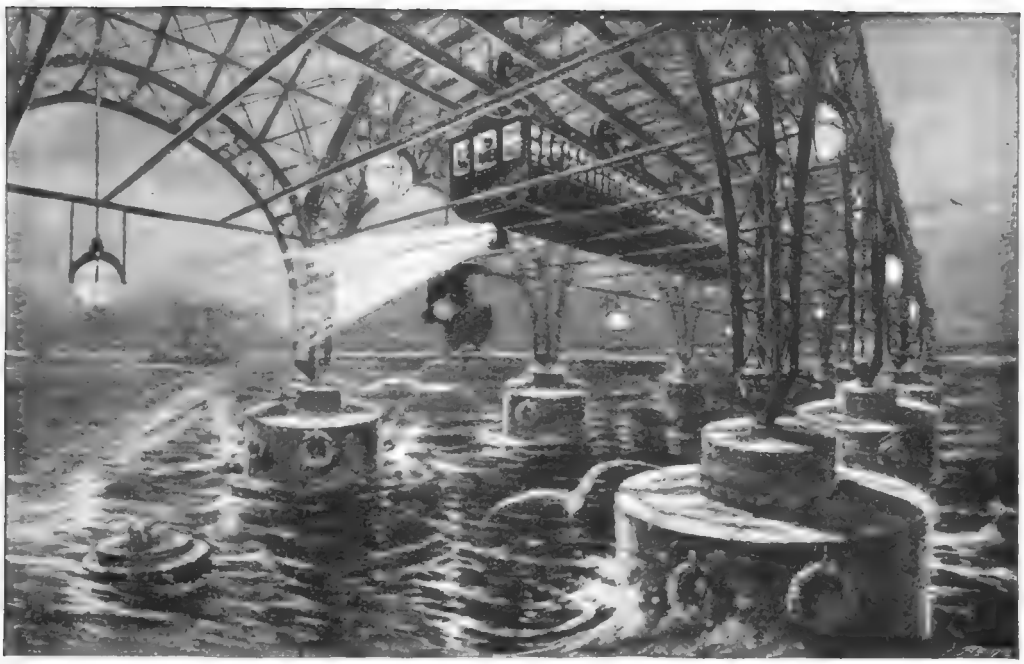

The form a bridge over the Channel would take, if the Powers could agree over its construction.

A CROSS-CHANNEL RAILWAY.

A Description of Various Schemes for Connecting Calais and Dover by Rail.

By F. E. Baily.

It would be greatly to the advantage of the general public if trains could run direct from London to Paris, were such a thing possible. Opinions on the subject differ, but the majority of experts agree that the project could be realised. They disagree only as to what form a connection between Dover and Calais should take.

Obviously, what is required is some sort of protection for the trains, should it be decided to run them under water, or a huge viaduct across the Channel if an overhead system were to be installed.

For more than fifty years, the question of an overland service between England and France has been discussed. Engineers and experts have wrangled and fought over it, but, up to the present, nothing has come of their exertions.

Four principal schemes have been evolved for effecting the required junction. They consist of: (1) The tunnel under the Channel; (2) the bridge over the Channel; (3) the submarine tube; and (4) the "duplex" passage—a combination of the first and second schemes. All of these plans have ardent supporters, but the last is by far the most practicable.

The tunnel beneath the Channel bed is a perfectly feasible undertaking. The chalky soil which forms the bottom of the sea from the English to the French coast is peculiarly suitable for tunnelling operations. The drill would encounter no hard rocks, and no accidents would occur such as took place during the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

In 1874, the tunnel was to be commenced, when the whole scheme was nipped in the bud. A certain patriot published a pamphlet entitled "The Battle of Dorking." This work created unlimited excitement. It was of an exceedingly alarmist character. The author informed his readers that such a tunnel as was contemplated by our neighbours would place the country at the mercy of a French invasion.

The scheme for burrowing under the Channel subsequently fell through, so a gigantic bridge from England to France was

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suggested. This would certainly mean a very heavy expenditure, but what was that compared with the increased facilities for the carriage of passengers and freight from England to France? There would be no difficulty in running a train straight from London to Paris, as it would leave the English railway system at Dover, cross the bridge, and join the French system at Calais.

Alas! this roseate vision was doomed from the outset. Although no opposition was met with from England this time, since the fleet could easily destroy such a bridge as was contemplated in a few minutes, yet a storm of protests came from all quarters of Europe.

A tunnel beneath the Channel was merely an affair concerning England and France. Germany, for instance, did not care particularly whether France invaded England or not; but a bridge from Dover to Calais would interfere with the passage on the high seas of the shipping of all nations.

Communications were received from Holland, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, and Germany, demanding a voice in the matter.

In a short time affairs had reached a stage when an International conference was the only way out of the difficulty. Taking into consideration the well-known procrastination of such gatherings, and the time, trouble, and money involved in a conference, the two chiefly interested companies decided to drop the scheme altogether. Thus the tunnel and the bridge were both cast into the limbo of impracticable suggestions.

Being debarred from passing over or beneath the Straits of Dover, enterprising engineers set to work to evolve some intermediate plan. They hit on the idea of a long tube from England to France, of a sufficiently large bore to contain four or five sets of rails. This tube was to lie on the ocean bed beside the Anglo-French cable.

But—and "buts" loom large in the whole Dover-Calais Railway question—of what material should this tube be constructed?

Obviously metal was out of the question. None is known which does not corrode from the action of water, and especially sea-water. Moreover, the enormous pressure such a tube would be called upon to support would inevitably cause it to collapse sooner or later. A cement covering to a metal core would be equally unsuitable, since the rigid covering of a semi-flexible body would be continually strained, and liable to crack at any moment. The fate of the travellers, should such a tube give way, would be awful in the extreme. The sleeping passengers—a sudden inrush of water—choking struggles, and impossible attempt at escape! What a fearful picture of helpless agony.

Moreover, there is another danger in connection with a tube across the Channel bed, which is quite as terrible to contemplate as the breakdown of the tube itself.

Supposing a double catastrophe were to occur? It might very well happen that a big vessel—though one of 4,000 tons would be plenty large enough—should founder immediately above the tube.

Perhaps at the very moment when the liner's keel grinds through the metal snake lying on the sea floor, a train is passing. It is night, and the passengers, suspecting no danger, are asleep. Suddenly, in front of the engine, the tube flattens and bursts, while the terrified driver sees the rusted, weed-grown keel of a vessel crash through.

There is a rushing in of the sea, and an explosion from the locomotive, enlarging the fissure in the tunnel. Screams and cries rend the air, but the water does its work, and soon all is very, very still. On the twisted, useless tube lies what was once an ocean greyhound, and around both is a charnel house. And those on shore remain ignorant of what has happened, or how it happened.

Only the "duplex passage" now remains to be considered.

This scheme does away with all objections. At its coming, they melt like snow before the rising sun.

Briefly, the duplex passage is a combination of the tunnel and the bridge schemes.

Every nation is, by International agreement, owner all round its coasts, if it have any, of a wide belt of ocean. For diplomatic reasons, and for the sake of convenience, it is supposed that the territory of every coast-possessing nation extends three English miles further into the sea than it really does. This forms the "three mile limit" of which so much was heard at the time when Admiral Rodjestvenski and the Baltic Fleet lay off Camranh Bay.

From the shore to the boundary of the "three mile limit" is called "territorial water." Every country polices this expanse without being responsible to anyone, and may construct anything it pleases within the three mile radius.

Having regard to all this, the duplex passage would begin, on the English side, by a viaduct bridge a mile in length. The railway would be continued from the shore along the whole of this bridge, which would, of

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The submarine tube scheme has certain drawbacks. The travellers would, among other things, run the risk of an accident caused by a wrecked vessel splitting open the tube as it sank to the bottom.

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course, be sufficiently wide to allow the construction of an "up" and a "down" road, or perhaps double this number.

A mile from the shore, the railway would plunge sharply into the sea, and proceed in a tunnel under the ocean bed through International waters.

A mile from the French shore, the train would re-appear, to join the railway system of the Compagnie du Nord. The construction of the two viaduct-bridges a mile long on each side of the Channel appears at the outset to be a task of great magnitude, involving heavy expense and much trouble, besides danger to those employed in the work.

As a matter of fact, the depths being equal, it is no more difficult to build a bridge in the sea than it is to construct one in a river. It is only at great depths that bridge-building in the ocean becomes difficult.

The tunnel in which the trains would run when traversing International waters would, of course, be easy to pierce. Having the tunnel and the bridges, there only remains the means of conveying the train from the bridge to the tunnel, and from the tunnel to the bridge.

This is the delicate part of the whole scheme.

The dive must be made as abruptly as possible. A long, gentle slope would mean that a shaft of some description would extend at a comparatively small distance below the water for a long way. Such a shaft would be a serious menace to navigation unless adequately guarded. It would not do for vessels to run on it and damage both themselves and the shaft.

Two ideas for coping with the difficulty of the descent have been put forward. The first suggests a lift, the second, an inclined plane.

The former scheme involves an engineering feat such as, perhaps, the world has never yet seen. A lift capable of lowering a train! The very idea seems impossible. But it is really not so, although the expense involved would be very considerable.

For the lift scheme it would be necessary to build two islands in the open channel, one at the end of the British viaduct, and one at the end of the French one.

These islands would have to be capable of supporting the titanic machinery necessary to raise and lower rapidly from the tunnel to the bridge, and from the bridge to the tunnel, trains scaling five hundred tons apiece.

The immensity of the apparatus must be fully realised. The difficulty of suspending horizontally a weight as long and badly balanced as a mail train, and this in the open Channel, perhaps during a storm, would be enormous.

A more exhilarating prospect could not be conceived than that of a train load of passengers in the event of a "temporary" breakdown of one of the lifts. Their outlook, stranded at night, a mile from the shore, and in the teeth of a raging tempest, would be, to say the least, extremely cheerful!

The descent by means of an inclined plane is simpler and less expensive than the lift plan. It would be more prosaic and not capable of affording delightful surprises such as the one described above. Still, it has the advantage of being absolutely reliable.

The cost of the duplex passage would be by no means slight. Taking into consideration, however, the tremendous advantages which would accrue from its construction, it cannot be termed excessive. The lift system would add considerably to the expense.

With inclined planes on both sides, the cost would be £10,000,000. If on the English side there were a lift, and on the French side an inclined plane, the bill would amount to £11,480,000. With lifts on both sides, the expenses would be £12,880,000.

The duplex passage is by far the most practicable of all the schemes hitherto suggested for connecting England and France, and if ever anything of the kind is attempted, it will probably be on these lines.

If the passage were constructed, although England and France have been of late years much more friendly neighbours, a better understanding would grow up between the two peoples, as they learnt to appreciate each other more. The passage from our country to the other would be made in a much shorter time than it is at present, and consequently it would be less expensive, and trade would greatly benefit by the increased facilities for the transmission of merchandise.

Yet shipowners would have no cause to grumble, since the carrying capacity of the Dover-Calais railway would necessarily be limited.

Looking further afield, facilities for travel all over Europe would be increased greatly, since many who are at present deterred by sea-sickness from travelling abroad would not hesitate to avail themselves of a railway to France.

There is not the least doubt that the cause of Universal Peace would be immensely furthered by a duplex passage. Many prejudices against the English which are

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In the event of an invasion, the tunnel would be blown up by a mine, with appalling results to the invading force.

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nourished abroad, and have their counterpart in this country, would disappear as greater intercourse took place between us and other European nations.

If in spite of the *Entente Cordiale*, such a disastrous, and, moreover, highly improbable event as a war with France were to occur, the duplex passage would, of course, be utilised during the hostilities. The only event in which it would be of much consequence, however, although always a sword of Damocles to both English and French, unless destroyed by one or other of the belligerents, would be in the case of a surprise attack on the part of the French.

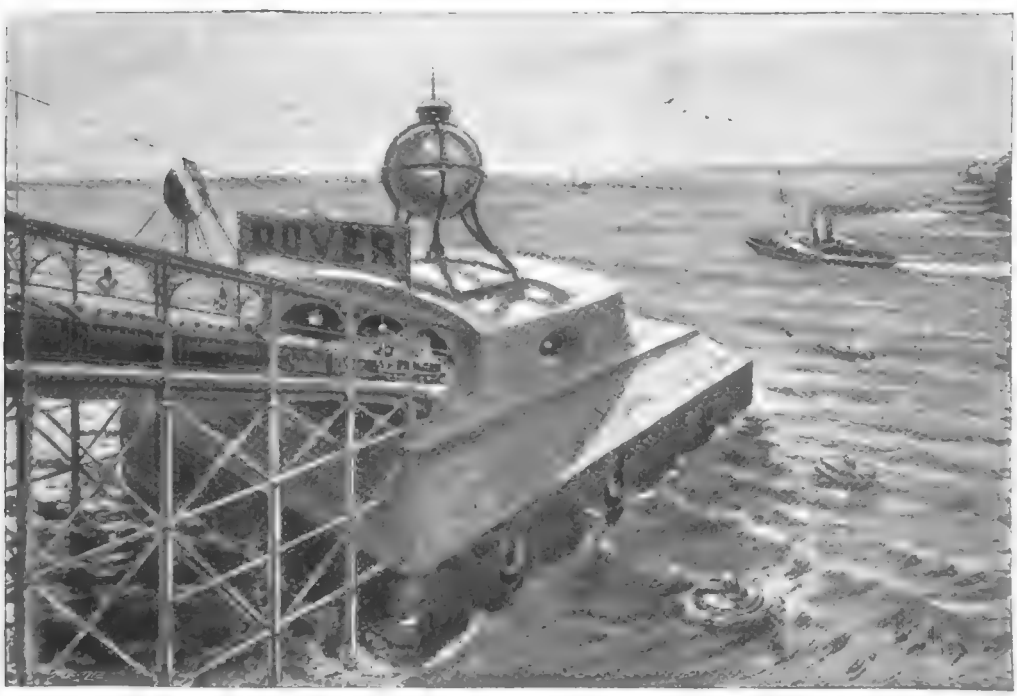
Supposing that the Channel passage had been mined, there would be absolutely no chance of an invasion other than from transports. The catastrophe resulting from the explosion of a mine beneath the passage simultaneously with the passing through it of a French army corps would be so terrible that no general would care to risk it.

There would be absolutely no hope for the men should such a mine explode successfully. The inrush of water would suffocate them all —there would be no escape—no going back. No matter how many troops were in the tunnel they would all succumb to the combined effects of the sea and the explosive. Everyone would be doomed.

A more horrible death could not be easily imagined. The panic at the first roar of the explosion would be increased as the water made its way in. Happy those who were killed by the shock of the exploding mine. What a picture! Thousands of strong men gasping, cursing, praying, and fighting like demons with—nothing! Mad rushes away from the relentless waves; frantic, useless, and pitiful attempts to flee from death, which would merely serve to wedge the whole mob of struggling men into a mass of terrified, impotent humanity.

It is unlikely that the present generation will see the completion of the duplex passage, or any other means of railway communication between Calais and Dover. The time is not yet ripe for such a scheme, though no doubt it will come in the distant future.

But it is a moral certainty that no generation will ever witness an invasion of England through such a connection. The holocaust that would result from the blowing up of the passage during the progress of the invasion is too awful to be risked. The game is not worth the candle.



If the combined bridge and tunnel scheme, known as the "Duplex Passage" were realised, the train would descend to the tunnel through a shaft such as this.

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I Wonder Why?

A Story for Children and Grown-up Children.

By Owen Oliver.

I wonder why the fairies never come to our house? I wonder why they live in "Once Upon a Time"? I wonder why the train doesn't go there? I wonder if they are as tall as I am, now I'm seven, or only a little big, like I used to be? Aunt Stella says I might have been a fairy, if they hadn't forgotten my wings; and she calls me her "fairy boy." I wonder why?

Aunt Stella couldn't be a fairy because she's grown-up. If she lived in "Once Upon a Time" I 'spect she would be a lovely princess. Sometimes I make-believe she is one, and I am her little page. If I were a page I should be a knight some day, and wear shining armour, and have a long, sharp sword, to fight for her and kill the wicked giant who wants to take her away. Giants always want to steal princesses, don't they? Aunt Marie calls Mr. Hardy the giant. I wonder why?

I asked Aunt Marie if he wanted to steal Aunt Stella; but she said that giants didn't steal princesses now, 'cause they could always buy them, if they were rich giants, like Mr. Hardy was.

Mamma said she thought a certain princess had already refused to be bought. Aunt Marie said: "She's giving him every chance to make another bid"; and mamma said: "Nonsense, Marie. Don't be spiteful"; and Aunt Marie got cross. I asked her to get the story-book and show me the pictures about the princess, but she couldn't find it. I wonder why?

I shouldn't have known that Mr. Hardy was a giant, if Aunt Marie hadn't told me, 'cause he is only as big as father, and he doesn't look dreadful, and he never says "Fee-fi-fo-fum," only talks like a man. I don't think he is a very naughty giant, 'cause I know he doesn't cook little boys and eat them on toast. I asked him if he did, when he came to see Aunt Stella the other day, and I sat on his knee, like I always do, and he said "No." He told me that some giants didn't mean to be bad, but people were frightened of them 'cause they were "big men in the City."

"They aren't so big at home," he said, "or when they come to your house; and they don't want to hurt people, and they would be ever so good to a princess, if the princess liked them. I hope *you* aren't afraid of me, fairy boy?"

"No," I said. "I'm not afraid of you at

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all. I like you. But are you really a giant, Mr. Hardy? And could you buy a *real* princess?"

He looked at me and smiled as if something was hurting him, and he didn't want anyone to know.

"I don't believe I am really a giant," he said, "but you mustn't tell anyone. There aren't many giants in these days—or princesses either; but your auntie is really a princess. I wonder who the prince is going to be?"

I told him that Aunt Marie called Mr. Desmond the prince; and said Aunt Stella knew it, too, only she wouldn't say so. He made a noise as if he wasn't well. I wonder why?

Mr. Desmond looks as if he might be a prince, and Aunt Marie says he is the handsomest man she ever saw. *I* think he is only an enchanter in disguise, who wants to bewitch Aunt Stella, 'cause he always tries to make me go away when he talks to her; but she says I may stay. He gave me a little push the other day, when auntie wasn't looking, and Carlo growled at him. So I knew Carlo thought he was an enchanter, too. I have told Carlo all the fairy-stories I know, and I am sure he understands, though he can only bark, and can't talk. I thought perhaps Carlo was a prince that a wizard had bewitched, and some day he would turn into a lady or a man, but auntie says they never do it now. I wonder why?

I don't believe Aunt Stella thinks Mr. Desmond is a prince, because she draws herself up stiff when he talks to her; and she won't listen to something that he wants to say to her. I wonder why?

"I s'pect she was a wicked sister, and jealous of the princess."

I asked her what he wanted to say, the other day, when Aunt Marie was there. Aunt Stella said she didn't know; but Aunt Marie laughed a funny laugh, that wasn't a proper laugh really.

"Don't you know the story that your lovely princess comes out of, fairy page-boy?" she said. "Come and sit on my knee, and I'll tell you."

I went and jumped on Aunt Marie's knee; and Aunt Stella waved her arms, as if she was pushing something away, and said: "Don't, Marie!" She often says that when Aunt Marie talks about giants and princesses. I wonder why?

Aunt Marie laughed again and stroked my hair. She is a nice aunt, and I like her, too. I do not think she is a princess, but she knows a lot of stories.

"Once upon a time," she said, "in the land where the fairies lived, there was a very beautiful princess. Her name was Star. She was just as beautiful as a star, and just as cold." She stared at Aunt Stella, as if she meant her.

"Aunt Stella isn't

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cold," I said. "She's ever so warm. You put your hand on her face and try."

"This was quite a different princess," Aunt Marie said. "Her name wasn't Stella, but Star. She had a warm face, too. It was her heart that was cold; *freezing* cold, fairy page-boy."

"Did it hurt her?" I asked.

"I don't know. She didn't say; and you can never know what is hurting other people's hearts, or if they have any."

"Have *you* got a cold heart, Aunt Marie?" I said, and she laughed the funny way again.

"My heart is too hot," she said, "like —oh! like the kitchen fire! That hurts too! But the princess' heart was quite cold. I don't suppose it hurt *her*, but it hurt other people very much. She had a father and mother—they were the King and Queen, of course—and a sister——"

"I s'pose she was a princess too?" I asked.

"Oh, no! She was quite an ordinary girl; rather a tiresome, worrying girl, the princess thought."

"I s'pect she was a wicked sister, and jealous of the princess."

"No, she wasn't that. She *wasn't*—*Was* she, Stella?"

Aunt Stella shook her head. "No, dear. She wasn't a wicked sister, and she wasn't jealous. She was a very dear woman; but she did not understand her sister's heart. None of them did."

"She understood that the princess' heart was cold," Aunt Marie said. "You oughtn't to marry anyone if your heart is cold to them, you know, fairy page-boy. So the funny sister wanted the princess to marry whoever could warm it. That was right, wasn't it?"

"Not if he was an ogre or an enchanter dressed up, or a wicked uncle in disguise. He might be, mightn't he?"

"Of course he might; but he wouldn't have deceived the princess. She was very clever, and could see through disguises like you and I can see through a window. Besides, you always know if anyone makes your heart warm. There's no disguising that. Well, two people wanted to marry this lovely princess, and one was a giant and the other was a prince. The prince was handsone, and he loved the princess very much, and he would have warmed her heart if anyone could."

"But suppose he couldn't, Marie?" Aunt Stella said. She seemed quite 'cited about the story.

"She wouldn't let him try. You see, fairy boy, the prince was very poor, and the giant was very rich—so rich that he could buy sweets four times a day. He said to the princess: 'Marry me and I'll give you a carriage, and a castle, and rings on your fingers, and bells on your toes.'"

"Are you sure he said that, Marie?" Aunt Stella wanted to know.

"He mayn't have *said* it," Aunt Marie told her, "but it was quite understood. I don't blame him, for he was a good sort of giant, and I think he liked the princess very much. She was a *very* beautiful princess, fairy boy, and easy to like; but her heart was so *icy* cold. She was poor, for a princess, and she wanted carriages and castles and all those sorts of things that warm your body and not your heart."

"She ought to have them, if she was a princess," I said. "Oughtn't she, Aunt Stella?"

Aunt Stella didn't answer me. I wonder why?

"But suppose she could only get them by marrying a giant?" Aunt Marie said.

"A bad giant," I asked, "who ate little boys?"

"No—o. He was not a bad giant. He was rather nice to little boys, and I don't think he would have been cruel to the princess; but he couldn't make her heart warm. Would you want a castle and a carriage, if they made your heart cold, fairy boy?"

"I should like a haunted castle," I said, "and a ghost that didn't make *too* much noise; and I shou'd *love* a horse to ride on. Does a cold heart hurt much?"

"Not while it's frozen; only when it thaws. If *your* heart was cold you wouldn't like Aunt Marie; or even your princess auntie—Auntie Star."

"You mean Auntie Stella, don't you?"

"Yes, I mean Aunt Stella. Did I say Auntie Star? How stupid of me! They're *quite* different persons, of course. Well, if your heart was cold you wouldn't like us, and then we shouldn't be so fond of you. Nobody would. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"No," I said. "If nobody didn't like me I shouldn't have anyone to play with, should I? And the princess wouldn't, would she?"

"Worse! She'd always have to play with someone she didn't like. If the princess married the giant she'd always have to live with him, and her heart would ache, and ache, and *ache!* Oh, Stella! You *know* it

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would. So her funny sister wanted her to marry the prince instead."

"Why did she want her to?"

"Because he was the nicest prince that ever was."

"Then why didn't the funny sister want to marry him herself?"

"Why?" Aunt Stella asked. "*Why*, Marie?"

Aunt Marie jumped, as if she had a pin stuck into her, and nearly dropped me off her knee.

"She did," she said. "She did! But he didn't want *her*. You *know*, Stella, and it's *cruel* of you! He wanted the princess. The funny sister, with the hot, burning heart wanted them both to be happy, and—and she'd get used to the burning, she thought, and—and—that's all, fairy boy."

"And *did* the princess marry him?" I wanted to know; but Aunt Marie put me down and ran out.

"Ask your Auntie Stella," she said. "If there's anyone who can make her heart warm, it's you, fairy boy."

I went and hugged Auntie Stella (she wasn't cold at all!), and asked her to tell me the rest of the story; but she said she didn't know, and she didn't believe anyone did, and it wasn't a real true story. People were always making mistakes about princesses, she said; and it wasn't their fault if people thought their hearts were cold; and she knew one whose heart was very, very warm to her fairy page-boy. Perhaps there was a giant who could have warmed it too, if he hadn't thought it was too cold to try. So he only offered her a castle and a carriage that she didn't want at all; and she told him that she wasn't for sale. And then he got cross with her; and she didn't care! And now we would go for a walk, and that was ever so much better than telling fairy tales.

We went down the lane, and over the plank across the brook, and when we came to the seat, under the big tree, we sat down. I wanted auntie to tell me some more fairy tales, but she said they had all gone out of her head. I kept asking her to think them in again, but she couldn't; and then Mr. Hardy came along, and sat down beside us. I asked him to tell us a *true* fairy tale; but he said he had grown too old to believe them; but perhaps he would if *I* told him one.

"I'll tell you one Aunt Marie told me," I said, "about a princess like Aunt Stella, and a giant, and——"

"No, no!" auntie said. I wonder why? And he and auntie tried who could stare hardest at one another.

"It's a story that *has* to be told some time, Miss Stella," Mr. Hardy said; "and your fairy page-boy has told me little bits of it already. I think the rest of it would hurt me less, perhaps, if it came from him. Will you let him tell me about the beautiful princess? And the giant?"

"May I, auntie?" I asked; and auntie bent down and kissed me.

"You may tell him, dear," she said. "It is his own fault if he believes."

"Once upon a time," I told him, "there was a princess. Her name was Star, and she was pretty like Aunt Stella. Do *you* think Aunt Stella is like a princess, Mr. Hardy?"

"I think your aunt *is* a princess," he said, "and there was never another."

"Oh, yes!" I told him. "There was! There's four in one book that mamma gave me. But *this* princess had a *freezing* heart, and it freezed her all through. Aunt Stella isn't freezed at all. You feel her cheek. It's *dreadfully* warm."

"She has not seemed very cold to me," he said; but he didn't feel her cheek. I wonder why?

"There was a giant who wanted to marry her; a good giant like you. Would *you* like to marry a princess, Mr. Hardy? If she was like Auntie Stella, I mean?"

Auntie said I was talking nonsense, and we had better go; but Mr. Hardy said it wasn't nonsense to him; and he would like to marry a princess, if she was exactly like Aunt Stella, and if her heart was just a little warm to him. So I went on with the story.

"The giant said he'd give her a castle and carriage if she would, but he didn't know if they could make her unfreeze; and a prince wanted to marry her, too, and—and I don't remember if she wanted to marry the prince. Did she, auntie?"

"Did she, Miss Stella?" Mr. Hardy asked. "Stella, *did* she?"

"In the story she did," Aunt Stella said. "But it is Marie's story, not mine; and she doesn't know the end of it."

Mr. Hardy caught hold of auntie's hand. I expect he wanted to see if it was cold or warm, so that he would know which her heart was.

"Do *you*, Stella?" he asked. "*Do* you?"

Auntie got very red, and tried to pull her her hand away, but he wouldn't let her. It made me laugh, 'cause they looked so funny.

"I expect she refused both," she told him; "the prince because she didn't care for him; the giant because—because a princess isn't to be bought with a giant's wealth, Mr. Hardy. Let me go, please."

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"Once upon a time," I told him, "there was a princess."

"But suppose he offered her—a giant's love?" he asked. "Can you tell me the end of the story then?"

I was listening to hear if she remembered the end of the story; but Mr. Hardy said he would give me a silver penny if I could find a dozen blackberries. So I ran to look for them. When I came back I jumped from behind a tree; and I saw him kiss Aunt Stella! I wonder why? I wonder why Aunt Stella is going away from us to live at Mr. Hardy's house? I wonder why Mr. Desmond always talks to Aunt Marie now? I wonder why Aunt Marie says that a prince's sweetheart is happier than a princess? I wonder why everybody seems so pleased? It makes me feel pleased, too. I *wonder* why?

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Trevelyan's Wager

How an Accident Nearly Spoilt Two Lives.

By Bridget Morecambe.

I.

"Well, you chaps, can't you tell me something thrilling? Has nothing happened in this dull little hole since I've been away?"

Raymond Trevelyan looked expectantly at his brother subalterns, lounging, in more or less graceful attitudes, round the billiard-room after mess. He had just rejoined the regiment after a long and lively furlough, and was looking forward to resuming his duties in the little garrison town of Winton with anything but pleasure.

"Nothing, except the arrival of the Acid Drop," said a tall, fair young man usually addressed as Gee Gee, though his real name was Jeffries.

"Who or what the dickens is the Acid Drop?" asked Trevelyan.

"It's a she," said Jeffries, "the new tenant of Oakleigh Grange; came down here just after you left. Her name is Lomax. She's an orphan, and seems very well off, but where she came from, and why she chose to settle down in that gloomy old house in a strange neighbourhood, no one, even in Winton, has yet been able to discover."

"Rummy taste, certainly," was Trevelyan's comment. "What sort of age is she? Is she pretty? Does she go about much?"

"She's about two or three and twenty, I should think, not exactly pretty, but awfully clever looking. Oh, people here like her all right—at least——" Gee Gee hesitated.

"Well?"

"Well, I'm not shy, but of all the crushing individuals! Not exactly rude, don't you know, but sort of looks at you in a way that makes you feel your boots aren't blacked, and her remarks are generally two-edged. That's why we call her the Acid Drop."

Another officer, who had hitherto been a silent listener to the conversation, now interrupted.

"Come and play poker, you two," he said. "I'm sick of hearing that Lomax girl discussed."

"Right you are, Ponsonby," answered Jeffries.

Luck was against Trevelyan that night, but he played on recklessly and excitedly, losing game after game, till Jeffries, his particular chum, at last persuaded him to desist. Gee Gee, truth to tell, was feeling anxious; it was not like Trevelyan to be such a fool. What had happened?

"I must catch an heiress—it's my only chance," said Trevelyan at last; "shall I try this Miss Lomax? You say she has money."

"Propose to the Acid Drop!" cried Ponsonby laughingly. "I'll bet you anything you like even you wouldn't have the cheek to do that!"

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"Oh, wouldn't I?" retorted the other excitedly; "that's all you know about it."

"Look here," said Ponsonby, suddenly serious, "I don't mind laying you a couple of hundred you daren't ask Miss Lomax to marry you in six weeks from your first meeting."

"Done," said the other; "we'd better write it down."

"But, I say, old chap," said Gee Gee, "isn't it rather unfair on the girl to——"

"Oh, rot. She'll never know. I trust you two chaps to hold your tongues. It's all as easy as A B C. I've only got to play the lover for a week or two—by Jove, it won't be the first—I mean, I think I'll manage it all right"—correcting himself hastily.

"So that's all settled. Now, Gee Gee, if you won't write that thing I will."

Jeffries, knowing from experience that argument was useless when his friend's mind was made up, put pen to paper and wrote:—

"I Lieutenant Raymond Trevelyan, of the Royal Blankshires, hereby wager the sum of £200 against Lieut. Ralph Ponsonby, of the same regiment, that I will propose marriage to Miss Eileen Lomax, alias the 'Acid Drop,' of Oakleigh Grange, Wintonshire, within six weeks of the date on which I first make her acquaintance."

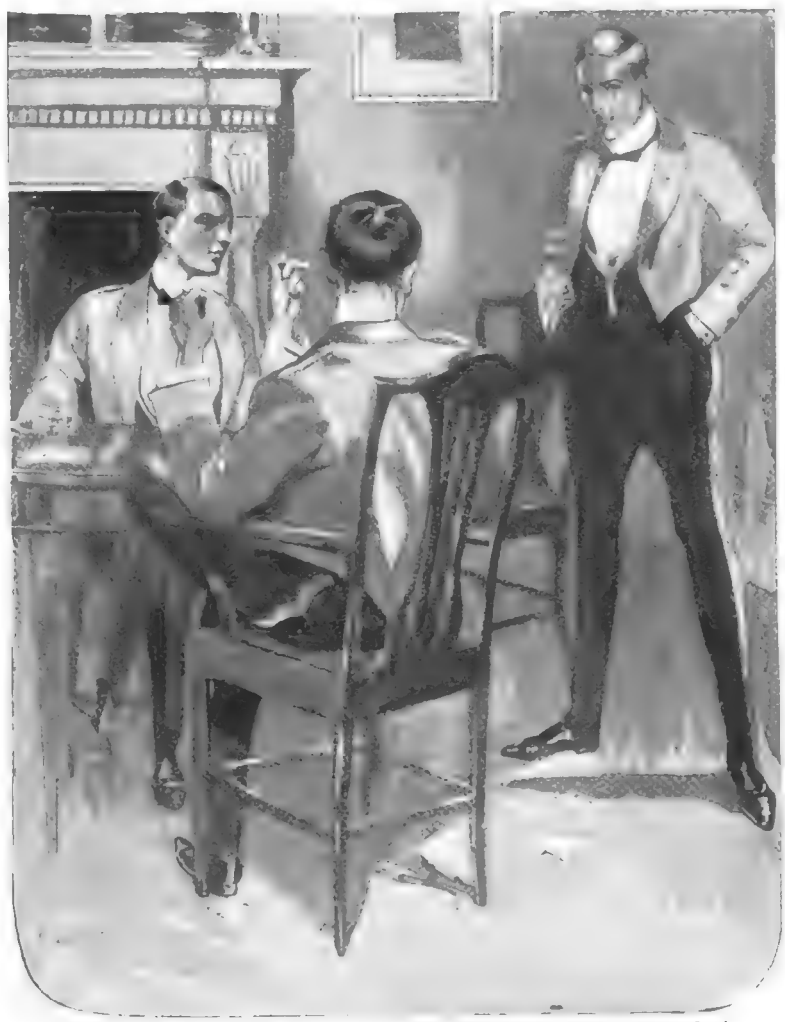
The agreement was read aloud and approved of, then signed and witnessed with due solemnity, Gee Gee writing his full signature, Sigismund Molyneux Jeffries, with justifiable pride.

It was a name worth having. But that, as Ponsonby had unkindly remarked, was because it was almost the only thing about him for which he was not in the least responsible.

After exchanging a solemn oath of secrecy with regard to the proceedings, the three friends separated. Jeffries was intrusted with the precious agreement, which he took to his own quarters, and put carefully away in a drawer.

II.

"Mr. Trevelyan—Miss Lomax." Ponsonby performed the introduction and fled.



"I must catch an heiress—it's my only chance," said Trevelyan at last.

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"Don't look at me like that," said Trevelyan coolly; "I don't like it."

The occasion was a polo-match—the Winton Polo Club *v.* Royal Blankshires. The score stood at six all, and the last quarter's play was beginning. The interest of the game was too great to allow of conversation, so Trevelyan stood beside Miss Lomax in silence, and studied her closely.

She was not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl, yet there was something more attractive than mere prettiness about her refined, though irregular features, small, firm chin, and clear, dark grey eyes. The excitement of the game had brought unwonted colour into her cheeks; as she watched, her small, red lips, a little scornful in their curves when in repose, were parted in a smile of pleasure. Trevelyan's eyes wandered from her face to her figure, slight, erect, and graceful; then, with a feeling of distinct approval, he turned his attention to the players.

At length one of the regimental team got hold of the ball, dribbled it over the ground,

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and passed it neatly to Jeffries, who made the winning goal amid a burst of cheering. Time was called, and the match was over.

"Wasn't that a splendid stroke?" said Eileen, turning to her companion.

Trevelyan fully agreed with her, but, for reasons of his own, he chose to conceal the fact, and announced carelessly that it "wasn't bad."

The "draw" succeeded. A good game of polo was one of the few entertainments Winton could provide which roused the quiet, rather supercilious girl to enthusiasm, and Trevelyan's indifference annoyed her.

"Not bad!" she echoed indignantly. "You are very condescending."

"Don't look at me like that," said Trevelyan coolly; "I don't like it."

"A cat may look at a king."

"Politely—yes. No nicely brought-up king would look at a cat with the contempt your face expressed for me just now."

"Wouldn't he? That would depend on the cat's manners," said Eileen, half angry, half amused.

"Then I'm afraid this cat has no chance. I never had any manners."

"Why trouble to tell me anything so obvious?"

It was Trevelyan's turn to wince.

"Let me get you some tea," he suggested diplomatically. "Look, everyone is making for the refreshment tent and becoming more sociable at the prospect of a drink."

"Do they become more polite, too, I wonder?" said Eileen with much innocence.

"I don't know," he answered, "but I'm living in hopes."

With this parting shot he left her, and went towards the tent. On the way he met a junior subaltern bearing a tray of tea and cake to a lady who sat, thirsty and expectant, at a little distance. With the resourcefulness of the born soldier, Trevelyan removed both cup and platter from the tray, and was back again at Eileen's side before the unfortunate youth could draw breath.

Miss Lomax took the cup in dignified silence, though her lips were twitching.

"Don't laugh," said Trevelyan suddenly.

Her gravity gave way, and he breathed a sigh of relief, knowing he had scored the first point in the game.

After that their acquaintance ripened quickly into friendship—a friendship so frank and open that it caused little unkind gossip even in Winton.

Once she told him something of her past life, which had not been very happy.

Her parents' marriage had not proved a success, and their constant quarrels made Eileen miserable. Both died before she was twenty-one, leaving her, their only child, mistress of a fair income.

She had had no opportunities of making intimate friends during her lonely country life, nor were there any relations near enough to claim her society. So she advertised for a companion, and after spending some time abroad, returned to settle down quietly in Winton, which she had occasionally visited in her childhood.

"Thank Heaven, she did," thought Trevelyan, then wondered that he could feel any cause for thankfulness. It was the evening before the day fixed for the fulfilment of his wager. To-morrow, he felt, must put an end to the frank intimacy between them which was more to him than he had realised till now.

Before they parted he had taken the first step. Would Eileen see him the next day, he had something to say that could not wait, could she guess what it was, etc., etc.?

Eileen went up to her room with flushed cheeks and throbbing pulse. She knew the truth now. She loved Raymond Trevelyan with all her heart, and he was coming to ask her to be his wife. She stood before her looking-glass and laughed for pure joy. There was a knock at the door and her maid came in.

"A letter for you, miss, by the last post."

"From the barracks?" said the girl to herself, turning the envelope over curiously; "why, he can't—oh no," with a slight tinge of disappointment, "it's the list of regulations from the tennis club that Mr. Jeffries promised to send me. Here's another paper with it, what's this?"

In her hand was the agreement signed by Trevelyan six weeks before. Some fiend had contrived that the two papers should be lying close together in Jeffries' drawer, and must have looked on chuckling when that careless youth, in a hurried moment just before parade, thrust both into an envelope addressed to Miss Lomax. Eileen read the document through several times. Then, as its full meaning dawned upon her, she sank on her knees by the bedside with a stifled cry, and hid her face. Not to find relief in tears, however, for when, after a long, long time, she lifted her head, her eyes were dry. She was even smiling, but it was not a pretty smile. She went to the window and looked out into the night.

"He shall win his wager," she said, and

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her teeth were clenched; "but I don't think he'll be pleased."

Twelve hours later Trevelyan strolled into the mess-room.

"Congratulate me, you chaps," he said; "Miss Lomax and I are engaged."

III.

The two men in the secret of Trevelyan's wager discussed this unexpected *dénouement* from all points of view without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, and they got no help from the object of their solicitude. Ponsonby was a diplomatic young man. He paid up without comment, and avoided the subject in Trevelyan's presence.

Jeffries had his own reasons for not wishing to force his friend's confidence. He had discovered the mysterious loss of the document committed to his charge, and the matter troubled him exceedingly. Once Trevelyan asked with an embarrassed air what had become of the agreement; but Gee Gee fenced the question by saying carelessly: "Oh, it's all right, I got rid of it." Which was strictly true, though he would have been puzzled to explain how he had done so.

Some weeks later, when Winton had ceased to make the engagement its one topic of conversation, the happy pair, returning from a long walk, paused to rest on the old wooden bridge across the river on which Winton lay. Eileen sat silent on the rail, gazing at the river, which, swollen by recent heavy rains, was rushing under the bridge with tremendous force. Trevelyan watched her, busy with his own thoughts.

"I don't think I'll tell her till after the honeymoon," he was saying to himself, "it will be all right then. How infernally lucky I've been through all this; I don't deserve her a bit, but I'm going to try to. Dear little girl."

Yielding to a sudden impulse, he stooped to kiss her. Eileen was off her guard. The strain of the last two weeks had become intolerable, and every mark of her *fiancé's* pretended affection, as she deemed it, made her wince. Thus it happened that she gave a sudden start as she realised his intention, lost her balance, and fell with a cry into the foaming water.

Quick as thought, Trevelyan tore off his coat and dived in after her. Swimming with the current, he easily overtook and caught her as she rose to the surface. But getting ashore was altogether another matter. Fortunately the accident had happened near the bank. Trevelyan succeeded in reaching an overhanging branch as they were swept down stream, and he clung to it desperately, while with the other arm he supported Eileen. The moments slipped away, each seeming an eternity, while the stream racing by threatened to drag him from his hold.

"I can't hang on much longer," he groaned at length. "If we could only reach the bank, but it's impossible with this current."

The words roused Eileen to sudden life, and she tried to break away from his hold.

"You could do it alone," she gasped; "leave me and go."

"Eileen, are you mad?" he exclaimed, resisting her attempts to free herself. "Keep still, for Heaven's sake! Do you think I would go back without you?"

"Oh, what's the use of shamming now?" she panted breathlessly; "we may both be dead in a few minutes. Leave me and save yourself. I know you must hate me, and no one will ever guess how it happened."

He began to fear the shock had unseated her reason, but he only held her yet more firmly, and shouted for help. Then, when all hope seemed over, a sound of voices was heard from the bank. A boy, working in a neighbouring field, had luckily seen the accident and run to the nearest cottage for assistance. A rope whizzed through the air, Trevelyan seized and clung to it with all his remaining strength, and in a few seconds he and Eileen were beyond the reach of danger. Dry clothes were procured at the cottage, and the rescued pair—conscious, but much exhausted—were driven home.

"Come and see me early to-morrow," said Eileen when they parted. "I have something to give you."

He came the following morning and found her pale and agitated.

"I am glad you have come," she said, speaking quickly and nervously. "I could not keep it up after yesterday. I must give these back to you."

She picked up a small, folded paper from the table, and, slipping her engagement ring from her finger, she handed both to her bewildered lover. He tore open the paper, and his face became livid.

"Who—what—how did you get this?" he stammered.

"It was sent to me by mistake in another letter. I got it the night before you were so good as to ask me to marry you. I hope my acquaintance has proved as lucrative as you expected."

"You got it *then*? But—but you accepted me!"

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"Yes, it was the only way I could insure your regretting that wager. Now the farce is over. I am leaving Winton shortly for good, and no one need know anything beyond the fact that I have broken off our engagement. You saved my life yesterday—in return, I will hold my tongue. Perhaps by this time you have learnt that fair play is due even to an 'Acid Drop.'"

With a bitter little laugh she moved towards the door. In a moment he was by her side.

"Eileen," he exclaimed hoarsely, "do you mean by this that you never cared at all—that you were deceiving me all the time?"

"Deceiving *you!*" she flashed out, "how dare you have the effrontery to talk about deception?"

"I never deceived you with regard to my own feelings," he answered boldly; "I loved you before I asked you to become my wife. My only fear was lest the precipitation forced upon me by the terms of that infernal wager would ruin my chance with you. But it could not be helped."

"You are lying," she cried, but her voice was unsteady, and a thrill of hope went through him.

"I swear I am telling you the truth," he answered.

She was still silent, but with a gesture she motioned him away from her.

"Is that all your answer?" he said, and his face was very white. "Then I would to Heaven I had never caught that rope yesterday."

"I have released you," she said coldly; "please be kind enough to go now, without any more heroics."

"I am not going," he said firmly, "until you tell me you do not care for me."

Eileen's lips parted, but words would not come.

"You can't say it," he cried triumphantly; "then I refuse to be released. I am free *now*, at all events, bound by no agreement, influenced by no outside circumstances. As a free man I say to you, I love you, and want you for my wife."

There was a moment's silence. Eileen turned and faced him. There was no mistaking the look which met hers. Trevelyan was once again proposing for a wager, but this time the stake was his life's happiness.

Trembling, she held out her left hand.

"You may put it on again, if you like," she said.

Trembling, she held out her left hand. "You may put it on again, if you like," she said.

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Picture Paragraphs.

Readers are Invited to Send Us Curious Photographs, Accompanied by Particulars, for Use in this Feature. All Pictures Used are Paid for.

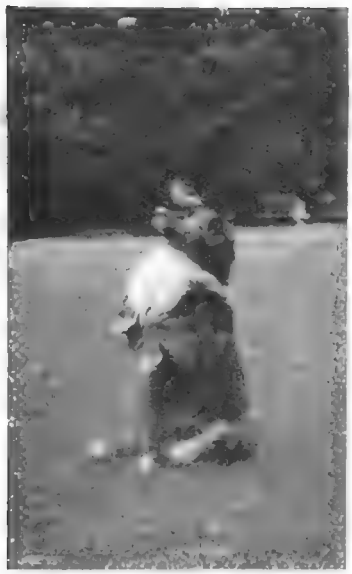

Photo *Miss Beatrice Horsfall.*

A collie dog and a thrush that are the best of friends. The thrush is perched on the dog's head.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

THE accompanying illustration represents a collie dog and a thrush that have become inseparable companions. The dog's owner found the thrush, which had apparently been deserted by the parent birds, and took care of it. The young thrush soon became very tame, and much attached to the particular collie on whose head it is perching in the photograph.

It frequently settles on the dog, and retains its balance while he is trotting about. Although there are many other collies belonging to the owner of the one in the picture, the thrush does not take to any but Ruff. As soon as it could fly, it used to roost in a large copper beech close to its rescuer's house, and in answer to a call would perch on a certain window sill and partake of its breakfast, consisting of worms and bread, which was always ready for it. When the dog's owner returned from a walk, the thrush would fly to her and perch on her head or shoulder.

The somewhat unnatural parent birds used, after a time, seeing their offspring's improved circumstances, to bring it supplies of comestibles, in the shape of larvæ, doubtless hoping in this way to atone for the past. It is satisfactory to know that these belated peace overtures were only partially successful. The young thrush preferred Ruff and his mistress to its parents.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAUNCH.

THIS particular launch is highly interesting for two reasons: first, because of the peculiar method of launching a ship which it represents, and, second, because the vessel is a typical North Sea trawler. The particular steamer in the picture is the *Volta*, and she was built at the works of Messrs. Cochrane and Sons, of Selby, Yorkshire, who are a firm famous for the excellence of the craft they turn out.

These vessels must necessarily be stoutly built, since they have to encounter the fierce gales which rage so frequently around the Dogger Bank. The river at Selby is very narrow: hence it is necessary to launch the trawler broadside on to prevent it running into the opposite bank.

The hull runs down a slipway to the water, and makes a terrific plunge into it, nearly capsizing during the performance, but strong cables hold it back, and help to bring it to an upright and safe position. The vessel is then completed, and goes down the river to the open sea, which is to be her home, for better or worse.

Photo *Walter Wood.*

The vessel in the picture is launched broadside on, owing to the narrowness of the river.

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At Rye, on the South Coast, the sea is so shallow that fish are allowed to swim into large netted inclosures, and are then captured when the tide goes out.

KETTLE-NET FISHING.

A Novel Method of Catching Fish.

Owing to the shallowness of the sea at Rye, near Dungeness, on the south coast, what is called kettle-net fishing is undertaken there.

At intervals of about 500 yards, as far as the eye can see, towards Dungeness, long single lines of what look like hop-poles reach out into the sea, the last being about half-a-mile from the high-water mark.

The long rows of poles lead to a series of systematic net entanglements. These are about 12ft. deep, reaching from the top of the poles nearly to their base, and are very simply hitched on. The mesh is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide —a trifle larger than that required for herrings.

The straight line at right angles to the shore forms a "range," as it is called. The "range" runs out a good quarter of a mile before it widens out into what proves to be an inclosure about 80 yards square, termed a "bithe." This "bithe" is repeated at intervals after a further continuation of "range," a second, and sometimes a third time.

The mackerel coming in with the tide are intercepted in their progress along the coast by the impassable "range," and their capture is effected on the ebb, when, working back along the endless netting, they enter the neck of the "bithe."

The fish are collected when the tide goes out.

The first "bithe" is reached when the water is less than four feet deep and getting shallower every moment. In almost less time than it takes to tell, a net is hauled by hand from one side to the other, and, if the take is of any considerable amount, the gleaming prey are straightway ladled out in business-like fashion into a cart.

In some cases the cart is hurried off at once to dispatch the capture; a second similar cart takes its place, and the original one will probably have returned before the last "bithe" is reached.

Belonging to each "range" is a small hut, hidden away in the sand hills, where a store of ice is kept ready for the packing of the fish into small, oblong boxes in which they are conveyed to the Billingsgate Market.

When the fish have been stranded by the out-going tide, they are taken away in cart loads.

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THE HOME OF THE GUILLEMOTS.

The guillemot is a sea-bird, having short wings, and its legs placed well back, so that it stands upright. The birds seen in the illustration are standing thus on a rock in the Farne Islands called "The Pinnacles," which is one of the chief breeding places for guillemots. This species does not build a nest, but lays its eggs on the bare earth. It feeds on small fish, and the male assists the female in the task of hatching the eggs and bringing up the young birds.

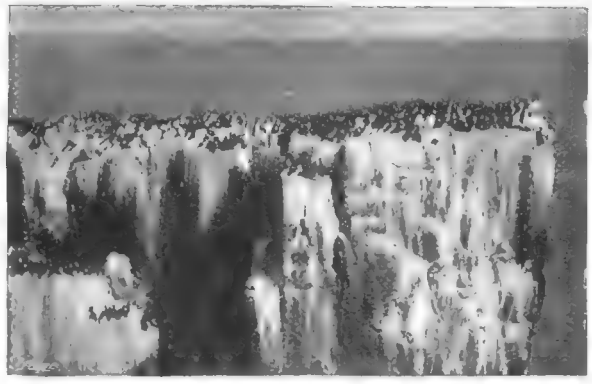

Photo *William Green, Berwick.*

"The Pinnacles," in the Farne Islands. Chief breeding place of the guillemots.

In summer time, the head, neck, back, and wings of the guillemot are dark brown in colour. The under parts are white, while the bill, feet, and legs are black. Parts of the head and the neck are white, or mottled brown and white, in winter. The flesh of the guillemot is occasionally used for food by the fisher folk who live in the vicinity of the bird's breeding places, but it is somewhat coarse fare, and not greatly appreciated. The amount of fish eaten by the guillemot imparts an unmistakable flavour to its flesh.

Although able to stand upright, these birds walk awkwardly. Their flight, however, is well-sustained, though somewhat heavy. They dive very cleverly, employing their half-closed wings to aid them in the process. During the breeding season the guillemots congregate on the rocky coast of the Farne Islands in order to lay their eggs. As may be gathered from the picture, they form an imposing spectacle, dotted thickly over the barren surface of the cliffs.

A CONTEST FOR LADIES.

How difficult it is constantly to discover some new pastime or sport during the holidays! Every suggestion is met with the somewhat discouraging remark, "Yes, but we did that last year," or, "Can't you find something newer than that?" To the weary organiser of water sports and regattas, or the ordinary individual who merely desires a new sensation for himself, or rather herself, and friends, the ladies' umbrella swimming race is as water to a thirsty land. It has the combined merits of being safe, novel, mirth-provoking, and of affording good sport for the actual competitors. Moreover, it is an excellent test of a swimmer's power, and encourages spectators to become proficient in an art which is alike pleasant and useful. It adds to the effect of the race if each competitor wear a distinctive costume. No two costumes should be the same colour, and showy hues should be chosen, such as cardinal, light blue, green, etc. A further advantage is also gained in this manner, the swimmers being easily distinguished from one another.

Photo *C. H. Park.*

A race for ladies. Each competitor has to hold an open umbrella while swimming.

The conditions of the race are simple enough. The fair contestants for the prize have simply to swim from one point to another, holding aloft an open umbrella, which must be dry on arriving at the winning post. The distance is a matter of choice, and should be in accord with the strength of the swimmers. The race must not be too long, being chiefly a spectacular event.

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A COSTLY WORK OF ART.

On May 26th last, Mr. Pierpont Morgan secured a rock crystal biberon for the sum of £16,275. There was a tremendous struggle between two bidders for possession of the bauble, but it finally fell to Mr. Charles Wertheimer, bidding on behalf of the American millionaire.

A biberon is a species of glorified feeding cup for invalids. It has a spout, and in the one purchased by Mr. Morgan, the spout represents the head of a bird. The biberon in question is the work of a German artist of the sixteenth century. It is $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, and $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length.

It is somewhat difficult to imagine an invalid "taking nourishment" from a vessel of this description. Perhaps, however, a section of tubing was fitted to the spout of the biberon.

If so, the patient, while refreshing his inner man, would be relieved of the necessity of supporting a somewhat ponderous piece of table silver, and could at the same time feast his eyes on a piece of exquisite workmanship.

Photo *C. H. Park.*

A rock crystal biberon, purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for £16,275.

APPLES FOR CIDER-MAKING.

The picture below represents about 300 tons of vintage apples lying ready to be crushed at Messrs. H. Whiteway & Co.'s cider orchards, situated at Whimple, Devon. The apples, when ripe and mellow, are brought fresh from the orchards to the mill and are immediately conveyed to the pulping or grinding plant, being carried up by a revolving machine and tipped over into hoppers.

If necessary, the apples are cleansed before being put into the mill.

The pulp must be stirred, so that all the goodness and juice may be extracted from the apples.

A change now takes place in the colour of the juice, from a watery whiteness to a rich sherry colour.

Wooden frames crossing each other in lattice fashion are placed under a powerful screw, and the pulp is placed between them on sheets of cloth.

The juice is crushed from the pulp by means of pressure on the wooden frames, and it runs into glazed tanks, whence it is pumped into casks. After being allowed to ferment it is bottled ready for use.

By permission of *Messrs. H. Whiteway & Co., Whimple.*

Three hundred tons of vintage apples ready for the crushing mills at Messrs. Whiteway and Co.'s cider works.

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A CURIOUS CARROT.

THE curious manner in which this very excellent carrot has become entangled in the scissors is accounted for in the following way:—

The scissors must have been buried a short distance beneath the surface of the ground which was being sown with carrot seed. One grain of seed happened to fall just over the handle of the scissors, and grew through it. As the carrot became larger, it wedged itself so tightly into the scissor handle that, when discovered, it was found impossible to move the carrot without breaking it.

This carrot was grown by Mr. James Keen, of Stacey's Farm, Elstead, and he is, naturally, somewhat proud of his curiosity.

It is strange that, considering the enormous number of vegetables grown in this country every year, so few freaks, such as this one, occur, or, at any rate, are brought before the notice of the public.

Photo *J. Moorcroft.*

A carrot that has grown through a scissor handle.

THE DETONATION OF A RUSSIAN MINE.

THIS mine, which looks as if it could account for a good many Japanese, was set off in the siege line near the base of Nantzeshan Fort. This mine contained six hundred pounds of explosive, and the detonation was a truly marvellous one. Although many casualties during the war were caused by the explosion of mines, the Japanese in several cases, when storming fortified positions, succeeded in finding the wires leading to the mines, and, by cutting them, rendered the ground perfectly safe for troops to pass over.

The Russo-Japanese war will always be famous for having seen the first practical test of a large number of military and naval weapons. But although numerous inventions were experimented with, it is remarkable what extensive use was made of methods and implements which practically date from the beginning of warfare. For example, Port Arthur was absolutely impregnable against high-explosive shells, machine-gun bullets, and bayonet charges. It was only when General Nogi employed the archaic tactics of digging parallels and approaches, and of mining beneath the walls of the fortress, that it gave way. When the soldiers came to close quarters with the enemy, they even employed the ancient hand-grenade.

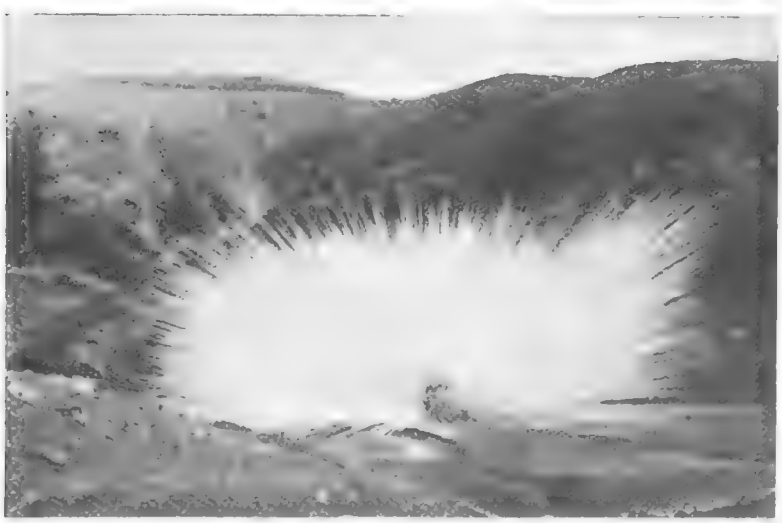

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

The explosion of a Russian mine containing six hundred pounds of explosive at Nantzeshan Fort.

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A CANINE CARICATURIST.

The Latest Thing in Show Dogs.

The dog is usually referred to as "the friend of man." Most men admire dogs; possibly dogs admire men. At any rate, "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," and, lo and behold, a precocious dog is giving imitations of two men whose names are a household word. The animal performs at the Olympia, Paris, and, with the aid of a few properties, introduces to his audience Mr. Chamberlain, Ibsen, Li-Hung-Chang, a mother-in-law, a landlady, etc.

The dog appears to live each part he plays; what a difference there is between the thoughtful, half sad expression he assumes as Ibsen, and the cunning, astute air that his Li-Hung-Chang wears. True, Ibsen's sorrow is put on and off with his eyebrows, but what of that?

It is rather a blow to our pride to reflect that a dog can successfully represent members of our species. But, after all, is it the dog? It is true that a sagacious, well-trained animal is essential; yet the wig, the false forehead, the beard, the grease paint—what would the imitation be like without these?

A no less important part is played by the spectacles. The difference these make to the dog's appearance is enormous. Let a child put on its grandmother's glasses, and what a strange, old-fashioned air it borrows from them. A similar thing occurs in the case of the dog. Its eyes seem to grow rounder, and an air of wisdom settles on its brow, although that brow is only made of cardboard.

Then, again, what an alteration is created by the addition to a smooth-coated animal of a long, flowing wig. The transformation is quite as marked as in the case of the spectacles. And if a beard or moustache be added to the patient canine, the result is as weird and wonderful as it could possibly be.

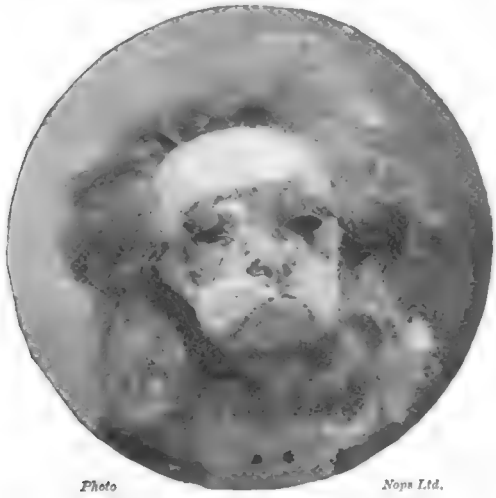

Photo *Nops Ltd.*

A representation of Ibsen by this clever dog—

Photo *Nops Ltd.*

—which makes up equally well as Li-Hung-Chang.

This, however, is the aim of the showman. If he can obtain something striking, something that catches the eye and grips the attention, he is content.

To draw the crowd—that is his aim, and when he has done this his end is accomplished.

The clever little dog which appears in our illustrations has proved a great attraction in Paris, where he has created quite a sensation. Performing dogs and the poor are always with us, but this animal is something out of the ordinary run of his kind. He is only meeting the success he deserves, for his training must have meant a great deal of hard work.

Probably a specimen of the bull-dog breed was chosen on account of the remarkable intelligence displayed by this species of dog.

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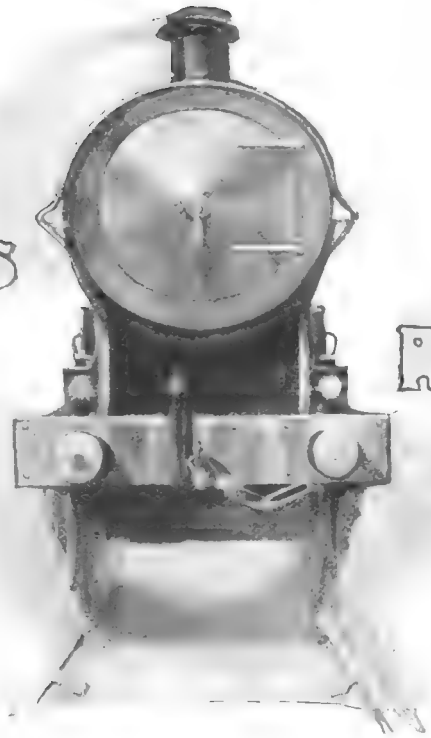
STORIES OF THE RAILWAY.



ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. HICKLING.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

Thorpe Hazell, the Hero of this Series, is an Eccentric Individual whose Hobbies are Vegetarianism, Physical Exercise, and the Solving of Railway Mysteries. His Successful Unravelling of another Knotty Problem forms the Subject of this Story.

IV.—SIR GILBERT MURRELL'S PICTURE.

THE affair of the goods truck on the Didcot and Newbury branch of the Great Western Railway was of singular interest, and found a prominent place in Thorpe Hazell's note-book. It was owing partly to chance, and partly to Hazell's sagacity, that the main incidents in the story were discovered, but he always declared that the chief interest to his mind was the unique method by which a very daring plan was carried out.

He was staying with a friend at Newbury at the time, and had taken his camera down with him, for he was a bit of an amateur photographer as well as book-lover, though his photos generally consisted of trains and engines. He had just come in from a morning's ramble with his camera slung over his shoulder, and was preparing to partake of two Plasmon biscuits, when his friend met him in the hall.

"I say, Hazell," he began, "you're just the fellow they want here."

"What's up?" asked Hazell, taking off his camera and commencing some "exercises."

"I've just been down to the station. I know the station-master very well, and he tells me an awfully queer thing happened on the line last night."

"Where?"

"On the Didcot branch. It's a single line, you know, running through the Berkshire Downs to Didcot."

Hazell smiled, and went on whirling his arms round his head.

"Kind of you to give me the information," he said, "but I happen to know the line. But what's occurred?"

"Well, it appears a goods train left Didcot last night bound through to Winchester, and that one of the waggons never arrived here at Newbury."

"Not very much in that," replied Hazell, still at his "exercises," "unless the waggon in question was behind the brake and the couplings snapped, in which case the next train along might have run into it."

"Oh, no. The waggon was in the middle of the train."

"Probably left in a siding by mistake," replied Hazell.

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"But the station-master says that all the stations along the line have been wired to, and that it isn't at any of them."

"Very likely it never left Didcot."

"He declares there is no doubt about that."

"Well, you begin to interest me," replied Hazell, stopping his whirligigs and beginning to eat his Plasmon. "There may be something in it, though very often a waggon is mislaid. But I'll go down to the station."

"I'll go with you, Hazell, and introduce you to the station-master. He has heard of your reputation."

Ten minutes later they were in the station-master's office, Hazell having re-slung his camera.

"Very glad to meet you," said that functionary, "for this affair promises to be mysterious. *I* can't make it out at all."

"Do you know what the truck contained?"

"That's just where the bother comes in, sir. It was valuable property. There's a loan exhibition of pictures at Winchester next week, and this waggon was bringing down some of them from Leamington. They belong to Sir Gilbert Murrell—three of them, I believe—large pictures, and each in a separate packing-case."

"H'm—this sounds very funny. Are you *sure* the truck was on the train?"

"Simpson, the brakesman, is here now, and I'll send for him. Then you can hear the story in his own words."

So the goods guard appeared on the scene. Hazell looked at him narrowly, but there was nothing suspicious in his honest face.

"I know the waggon was on the train when we left Didcot," he said in answer to inquiries, "and I noticed it at Upton, the next station, where we took a couple off. It was the fifth or sixth in front of my brake. I'm quite certain of that. We stopped at Compton to take up a cattle truck, but I didn't get out there. Then we ran right through to Newbury, without stopping at the other stations, and then I discovered that the waggon was not on the train. I thought very likely it might have been left at Upton or Compton by mistake, but I was wrong, for they say it isn't there. That's all I know about it, sir. A rum go, ain't it?"

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Hazell. "You must have made a mistake."

"No, sir, I'm sure I haven't."

"Did the driver of the train notice anything?"

"No, sir."

"Well, but the thing's impossible," said Hazell. "A loaded waggon couldn't have been spirited away. What time was it when you left Didcot?"

"About eight o'clock, sir."

"Ah—quite dark. You noticed nothing along the line?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You were in your brake all the time, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir—while we were running."

At this moment there came a knock at the station-master's door and a porter entered.

"There's a passenger train just in from the Didcot branch," said the man, "and the driver reports that he saw a truck loaded with packing-cases in Churn siding."

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed the brakesman. "Why, we ran through Churn without a stop—trains never do stop there except in camp time."

"Where is Churn?" asked Hazell, for once at a loss.

"It's merely a platform and a siding close to the camping ground between Upton and Compton," replied the station-master, "for the convenience of troops only, and very rarely used except in the summer, when soldiers are encamped there."*

"I should very much like to see the place, and as soon as possible," said Hazell.

"So you shall," replied the station-master. "A train will soon start on the branch. Inspector Hill shall go with you, and instruction shall be given to the driver to stop there, while a return train can pick you both up."

In less than an hour Hazell and Inspector Hill alighted at Churn. It is a lonely enough place, situated in a vast flat basin of the downs, scarcely relieved by a single tree, and far from all human habitation with the exception of a lonely shepherd's cottage some half-a-mile away.

The "station" itself is only a single platform, with a shelter and a solitary siding, terminating in what is known in railway language as a "dead end"—that is, in this case, wooden buffers to stop any trucks. This siding runs off from the single line of rail at points from the Didcot direction of the line.

And in this siding was the lost truck, right against the "dead end," filled with three packing-cases, and labelled "Leamington to Winchester, *vid* Newbury." There could be

* The incident here recorded occurred before June, 1905, in which month Churn was dignified with a place in *Bradshaw* as a "station" at which trains stop by signal.—V. L. W.

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no doubt about it at all. But how it had got there from the middle of a train running through without a stop was a mystery even to the acute mind of Thorpe Hazell.

"Well," said the inspector when they had gazed long enough at the truck; "we'd better have a look at the points. Come along."

There is not even a signal-box at this primitive station. The points are actuated by two levers in a ground frame, standing close by the side of the line, one lever unlocking and the other shifting these same points.

"How about these points?" said Hazell as they drew near. "You only use them so occasionally, that I suppose they are kept out of action?"

"Certainly," replied the inspector, "a block of wood is bolted down between the end of the point rail and the main rail, fixed as a wedge—ah! there it is, you see, quite untouched; and the levers themselves are locked—here's the keyhole in the ground frame. This is the strangest thing I've ever come across, Mr. Hazell."

Thorpe Hazell stood looking at the points and levers sorely puzzled. They *must* have been worked to get that truck in the siding, he knew well. But how?

Suddenly his face lit up. Oil evidently had been used to loosen the nut of the bolt that fixed the wedge of wood. Then his eyes fell on the handle of one of the two levers, and a slight exclamation of joy escaped him.

"Look," said the inspector at that moment, "it's impossible to pull them off," and he stretched out his hand towards a lever. To his astonishment Hazell seized him by the collar and dragged him back before he could touch it.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "hope I've not hurt you, but I want to photograph those levers first, if you don't mind."

The inspector watched him rather sullenly as he fixed his camera on a folding tripod stand he had with him, only a few inches from the handle of one of the levers, and took two very careful photographs of it.

"Can't see the use of that, sir," growled the inspector. But Hazell vouchsafed no reply.

"Let him find it out for himself," he thought.

Then he said aloud:

'I fancy they must have had that block out, inspector—and it's evident the points must have been set to get the truck where it is. How it was done is a problem, but if the doer of it was anything of a regular criminal, I think we might find *him*."

"How?" asked the puzzled inspector.

"Ah," was the response, "I'd rather not say at present. Now, I should very much like to know whether those pictures are intact?"

"We shall soon find that out," replied the inspector, "for we'll take the truck back with us." And he commenced undoing the bolt with a spanner, after which he unlocked the levers.

"H'm—they work pretty freely," he remarked as he pulled one.

"Quite so," said Hazell, "they've been oiled recently."

There was an hour or so before the return

To his astonishment Hazell . . . dragged him back before he could touch it.

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train would pass, and Hazell occupied it by walking to the shepherd's cottage.

"I am hungry," he explained to the woman there, "and hunger is Nature's dictate for food. Can you oblige me with a couple of onions and a broomstick?"

And she talks to-day of the strange man who "kept a swingin' o' that there broomstick round 'is 'ead and then eat them onions as solemn as a judge."

The first thing Hazell did on returning to Newbury was to develop his photographs. The plates were dry enough by the evening for him to print one or two photos on gas-light-paper and to inclose the clearest of them with a letter to a Scotland Yard official whom he knew, stating that he would call for an answer, as he intended returning to town in a couple of days. The following evening he received a note from the station-master, which read:

DEAR SIR,

I promised to let you know if the pictures in the cases on that truck were in any way tampered with. I have just received a report from Winchester by which I understand that they have been unpacked and carefully examined by the Committee of the Loan Exhibition. The Committee are perfectly satisfied that they have not been damaged or interfered with in any way, and that they have been received just as they left the owner's hands.

We are still at a loss to account for the running of the waggon on to Churn Siding or for the object in doing so. An official has been down from Paddington, and, at his request, we are not making the affair public—the goods having arrived in safety. I am sure you will observe confidence in this matter.

"More mysterious than ever," said Hazell to himself. "I can't understand it at all."

The next day he called at Scotland Yard and saw the official.

"I've had no difficulty with your little matter, you'll be glad to hear," he said. "We looked up our records and very soon spotted your man."

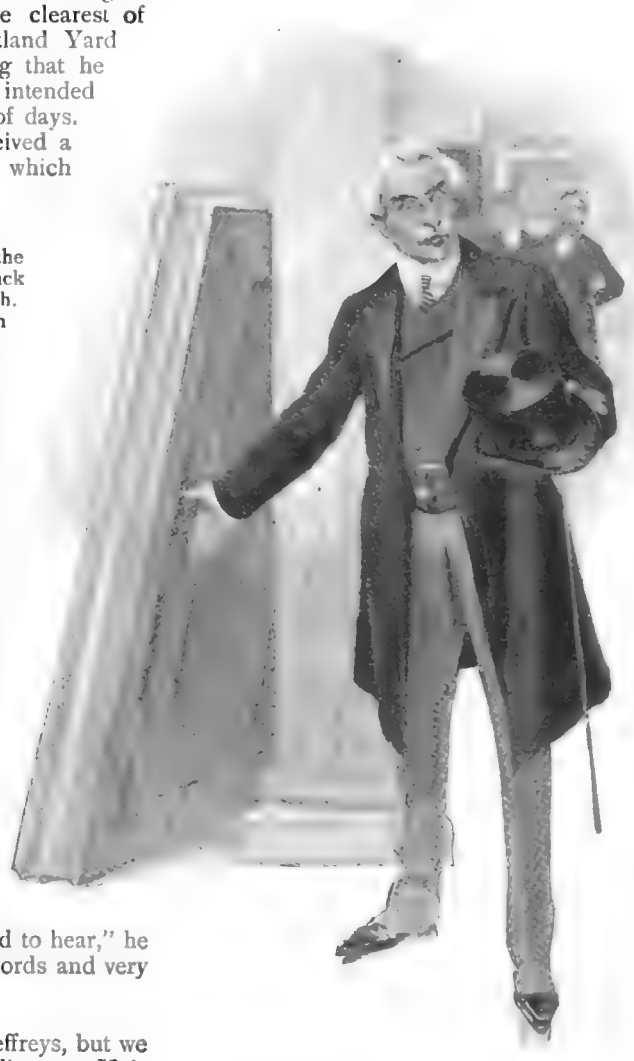
"Who is he?"

"His real name is Edgar Jeffreys, but we know him under several aliases. He's served four sentences for burglary and robbery—the latter, a daring theft from a train, so he's in your line, Mr. Hazell. What's he been up to, and how did you get that print?"

"Well," replied Hazell, "I don't quite know yet what he's been doing. But I should like to be able to find him if anything turns up. Never mind how I got the print—the affair is quite a private one at present, and nothing may come of it."

The official wrote an address on a bit of paper and handed it to Hazell.

"He's living there just now, under the name of Allen. We keep such men in sight, and I'll let you know if he moves."



He astounded those present by saying that the picture was not his at all.

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When Hazell opened his paper the following morning he gave a cry of joy. And no wonder, for this is what he saw:

MYSTERY OF A PICTURE.

SIR GILBERT MURRELL AND THE WINCHESTER LOAN EXHIBITION.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.

The Committee of the Loan Exhibition of Pictures to be opened next week at Winchester are in a state of very natural excitement brought about by a strange charge that has been made against them by Sir Gilbert Murrell.

Sir Gilbert, who lives at Leamington, is the owner of several very valuable pictures, among them being the celebrated "Holy Family," by Velasquez. This picture, with two others, was dispatched by him from Leamington to be exhibited at Winchester, and yesterday he journeyed to that city in order to make himself satisfied with the hanging arrangements, as he had particularly stipulated that "The Holy Family" was to be placed in a prominent position.

The picture in question was standing on the floor of the gallery, leaning against a pillar, when Sir Gilbert arrived with some representatives of the Committee.

Nothing occurred till he happened to walk behind the canvas, when he astounded those present by saying that the picture was not his at all, declaring that a copy had been substituted, and stating that he was absolutely certain on account of certain private marks of his at the back of the canvas which were quite indecipherable, and which were now missing. He admitted that the painting itself in every way resembled his picture, and that it was the cleverest forgery he had ever seen; but a very painful scene took place, the hanging committee stating that the picture had been received by them from the railway company just as it stood.

At present the whole affair is a mystery, but Sir Gilbert insisted most emphatically to our correspondent, who was able to see him, that the picture was certainly not his, and said that as the original is extremely valuable he intends holding the Committee responsible for the substitution which, he declares, has taken place.

It was evident to Hazell that the papers had not, as yet, got hold of the mysterious incident at Churn. As a matter of fact, the railway company had kept that affair strictly to themselves, and the loan committee knew nothing of what had happened on the line.

But Hazell saw that inquiries would be made, and determined to probe the mystery without delay. He saw at once that if there was any truth in Sir Gilbert's story the substitution had taken place in that lonely siding at Churn. He was staying at his London flat, and five minutes after he had read the paragraph had called a hansom and was being hurried off to a friend of his who was well known in art circles as a critic and art historian.

"I can tell you exactly what you want to know," said he, "for I've only just been looking it up, so as to have an article in the evening papers on it. There was a famous copy of the picture of Velasquez, said to have been painted by a pupil of his, and for some years there was quite a controversy among the respective owners as to which was the genuine one—just as there is to-day about a Madonna belonging to a gentleman at St. Moritz, but which a Vienna gallery also claims to possess.

"However, in the case of 'The Holy Family,' the dispute was ultimately settled once and for all years ago, and undoubtedly Sir Gilbert Murrell held the genuine picture. What became of the copy no one knows. For twenty years all trace of it has been lost. There—that's all I can tell you. I shall pad it out a bit in my article, and I must get to work on it at once. Good-bye!"

"One moment—where was the copy last seen?"

"Oh! the old Earl of Ringmere had it last, but when he knew it to be a forgery he is said to have sold it for a mere song, all interest in it being lost, you see."

"Let me see, he's a very old man, isn't he?"

"Yes—nearly eighty—a perfect enthusiast on pictures still, though."

"Only *said* to have sold it," muttered Hazell to himself, as he left the house; "that's very vague—and there's no knowing what these enthusiasts will do when they're really bent on a thing. Sometimes they lose all sense of honesty. I've known fellows actually rob a friend's collection of stamps or butterflies. What if there's something in it? By George, what an awful scandal there would be! It seems to me that if such a scandal were prevented I'd be thanked all round. Anyhow, I'll have a shot at it on spec. And I *must* find out how that truck was run off the line."

When once Hazell was on the track of a railway mystery he never let a moment slip by. In an hour's time, he was at the address given him at Scotland Yard. On his way there he took a card from his case, a blank one, and wrote on it, "From the Earl of Ringmere." This he put into an envelope.

"It's a bold stroke," he said to himself, "but, if there's anything in it, it's worth trying."

So he asked for Allen. The woman who opened the door looked at him suspiciously, and said she didn't think Mr. Allen was in.

"Give him this envelope," replied Hazell. In a couple of minutes she returned, and asked him to follow her.

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A short, wiry-looking man, with sharp, evil-looking eyes, stood in the room waiting for him and looking at him suspiciously.

"Well," he snapped, "what is it—what do you want?"

"I come on behalf of the Earl of Ringmere. You will know that when I mention Churn," replied Hazell, playing his trump card boldly.

"Well," went on the man, "what about that?"

Hazell wheeled round, locked the door suddenly, put the key in his pocket, and then faced his man. The latter darted forward, but Hazell had a revolver pointing at him in a twinkling.

"You —— detective!"

"No, I'm not—I told you I came on behalf of the Earl—that looks like hunting up matters for his sake, doesn't it?"

"What does the old fool mean?" asked Jeffreys.

"Oh! I see you know all about it. Now listen to me quietly, and you may come to a little reason. You changed that picture at Churn the other night."

"You seem to know a lot about it," sneered the other, but less defiantly.

"Well, I do—but not quite all. You were foolish to leave your traces on that lever, eh?"

"How did I do that?" exclaimed the man, giving himself away.

"You'd been dabbling about with oil, you see, and you left your thumb-print on the handle. I photographed it, and they recognised it at Scotland Yard. Quite simple."

Jeffreys swore beneath his breath.

"I wish you'd tell me what you mean," he said.

"Certainly. I expect you've been well paid for this little job."

"If I have, I'm not going to take any risks. I told the old man so. He's worse than I am—he put me up to getting the picture. Let him take his chance when it comes out—I suppose he wants to keep his name out of it, that's why you're here."

"You're not quite right. Now just listen to me. You're a villain, and you deserve to suffer; but I'm acting in a purely private capacity, and I fancy if I can get the original picture back to its owner that it will be better for all parties to hush this affair up. Has the old Earl got it?"

"No—not yet," admitted the other, "he was too artful. But he knows where it is, and so do I."

"Ah—now you're talking sense! Look here! You make a clean breast of it, and I'll take it down on paper. You shall swear to the truth of your statement before a commissioner for oaths—he need not see the actual confession. I shall hold this in case it is necessary; but if you help me to get the picture back to Sir Gilbert, I don't think it will be."

After a little more conversation, Jeffreys explained. Before he did so, however, Hazell had taken a bottle of milk and a hunch of wholemeal bread from his pocket, and calmly proceeded to perform "exercises" and then to eat his "hunch," while Jeffreys told the following story:

"It was the old Earl who did it. How he got hold of me doesn't matter—perhaps I got hold of him—maybe I put him up to it—but that's not the question. He'd kept that forged picture of his in a lumber room for years, but he always had his eye on the genuine one. He paid a long price for the forgery, and he got to think that he *ought* to have the original. But there, he's mad on pictures.

"Well, as I say, he kept the forgery out of sight and let folks think he'd sold it, but all the time he was in hopes of getting it changed somehow for the original.

"Then I came along and undertook the job for him. There were three of us in it, for it was a ticklish business. We found out by what train the picture was to travel—that was easy enough. I got hold of a key to unlock that ground frame, and the screwing off of the bolt was a mere nothing. I oiled the points well, so that the thing should work as I wanted it to.

"One pal was with me—in the siding, ready to clap on the side brake when the truck was running in. I was to work the points, and my other pal, who had the most awkward job of all, was on the goods train—under a tarpaulin in a truck. He had two lengths of very stout rope with a hook at each end of them.

"When the train left Upton, he started his job. Goods trains travel very slowly, and there was plenty of time. Counting from the back brake van, the truck we wanted to run off was No. 5. First he hooked No. 4 truck to No. 6—fixing the hook at the side of the end of both trucks, and having the slack in his hand, coiled up.

"Then when the train ran down a bit of a decline he uncoupled No. 5 from No. 4—standing on No. 5 to do it. That was easy enough, for he'd taken a coupling staff with him; then he paid out the slack till it was tight. Next he hooked his second rope from

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"The next thing was to unscrew the packing-case."

No. 5 to No. 6, uncoupled No. 5 from No. 6, and paid out the slack of the second rope.

"Now you can see what happened. The last few trucks of the train were being drawn by a long rope reaching from No. 4 to No. 6, and leaving a space in between. In the middle of this space No. 5 ran, drawn by a short rope from No. 6. My pal stood on No. 6, with a sharp knife in his hand.

"The rest was easy. I held the lever, close by the side of the line—coming forward to it as soon as the engine passed. The instant the space appeared after No. 6 I pulled it over, and No. 5 took the siding points, while my pal cut the rope at the same moment.

"Directly the truck had run by and off I reversed the lever so that the rest of the train

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following took the main line. There is a decline before Compton, and the last four trucks came running down to the main body of the train, while my pal hauled in the slack and finally coupled No. 4 to No. 6 when they came together. He jumped from the train as it ran very slowly into Compton. That's how it was done."

Hazell's eyes sparkled.

"It's the cleverest thing I've heard of on the line," he said.

"Think so? Well, it wanted some handling. The next thing was to unscrew the packing-case, take the picture out of the frame, and put the forgery we'd brought with us in its place. That took us some time, but there was no fear of interruption in that lonely part. Then I took the picture off, rolling it up first, and hid it. The old Earl insisted on this. I was to tell him where it was, and he was going to wait for a few weeks and then get it himself."

"Where did you hide it?"

"You're sure you're going to hush this up?"

"You'd have been in charge long ago if I were not."

"Well, there's a path from Churn to East Ilsley across the downs, and on the right-hand of that path is an old sheep well—quite dry. It's down there. You can easily find the string if you look for it—fixed near the top."

Hazell took down the man's confession, which was duly attested. His conscience told him that perhaps he ought to have taken stronger measures.

* * * * *

"I told you I was merely a private individual," said Hazell to Sir Gilbert Murrell. "I have acted in a purely private capacity in bringing you your picture."

"Sir Gilbert looked from the canvas to the calm face of Hazell.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked.

"Well, I rather aspire to be a book-collector; you may have read my little monogram on "Jacobean Bindings"?

"No," said Sir Gilbert, "I have not had that pleasure. But I must inquire further into this. How did you get this picture? Where was it—who——"

"Sir Gilbert," broke in Hazell, "I could tell you the whole truth, of course. I am not in any way to blame myself. By chance, as much as anything else, I discovered how your picture had been stolen, and where it was."

"But I want to know all about it. I shall prosecute—I——"

"I think not. Now, do you remember where the forged picture was seen last?"

"Yes; the Earl of Ringmere had it—he sold it."

"Did he?"

"Eh?"

"What if he kept it all this time?" said Hazell, with a peculiar look.

There was a long silence.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Gilbert at length. "You don't mean *that*. Why, he has one foot in the grave—a very old man—I was dining with him only a fortnight ago."

"Ah! Well, I think you are content now, Sir Gilbert?"

"It is terrible—terrible! I have the picture back, but I wouldn't have the scandal known for worlds."

"It never need be," replied Hazell. "You will make it all right with the Winchester people?"

"Yes—yes—even if I have to admit I was mistaken, and let the forgery stay through the exhibition."

"I think that would be the best way," replied Hazell, who never regretted his action.

"Of course, Jeffreys ought to have been punished," he said to himself; "but it was a clever idea—a clever idea!"

"May I offer you some lunch?" asked Sir Gilbert.

"Thank you; but I am a vegetarian, and——"

"I think my cook could arrange something—let me ring."

"It is very good of you, but I ordered a dish of lentils and a salad at the station restaurant. But if you will allow me just to go through my physical training *ante* luncheon exercises here, it would save me the trouble of a more or less public display at the station."

"Certainly," replied the rather bewildered Baronet; whereupon Hazell threw off his coat and commenced whirling his arms like a windmill.

"Digestion should be considered *before* a meal," he explained.

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Dora? Laura?

A Sketch in One Act.

By Geoffrey Besant.

CHARACTERS.

Harry Travers (*in love with* Dora *and* Laura).
Jack Paget (*in love with* Dora).
Tom Ellison (*in love with* Laura).
Dora Robinson.
Laura Robinson.

Scene: Harry Travers' chambers in Ryder Street.

Time: To-day.

Enter Harry. *He puts down his hat and stick, and sits on a sofa in the middle of the stage. He takes photograph out of right-hand coat pocket and looks at it.*

Harry (*to photograph*). Dora, you're an angel, an absolute angel—the prettiest girl I've ever seen, and the best (*wags his head sentimentally*), and you love me a little, don't you, dear?—at least, I'm certain you said so (*wags his head again, more sentimentally, then braces himself up and puts photograph in his pocket*). Here, I must get to work (*goes to desk, but turns round*). I *must* have one more look at Dora (*takes photograph from pocket again and looks at it*). Hullo! this is Laura, not Dora! (*Smiles.*) Well, Laura, darling, I swear you're about as pretty as they make 'em. I love you quite as much as Dora, if not more. (*Takes out other photograph, and looks from one to the other.*) Which is the better? Dora?—Laura? Laura?—Dora? By Jove! I'd like to marry both of 'em. What a lark it would be? Bless us! how they'd squabble!

(*Enter* Jack Paget. Harry *stows photographs in his pocket hastily.*)

Jack (*boisterously*). How are you, old chap? Up to sample—what? I'm fit as a fiddle, by gad! I am. Never better in my life. (*Slaps* Harry *on the back.* Harry *flinches and looks pained.*) What's the matter—in the dumps? Why, by the look of you, I'd swear you were in love.

Harry (*in a burst of confidence*). Well, old man, to tell you the truth, I am in love—got a very bad attack of it, too.

Jack (*sagely*). Who's the lady, Harry?

Harry. Well, you know those Robinson girls?

Jack (*starting*). Well, what about 'em?

Harry. That's the one—Dora Robinson. What's the matter; d'you object to the lady?

Jack (*ostentatiously calm*). Object, I? Heavens, no; only, frankly, my dear fellow, I don't admire your choice.

Harry. Look here, you've got nothing to say against Dora?

Jack. No; but, well, I think the other's the better of the two—what's her name?

Harry. Laura. You really think so?

Jack. Yes; nicer girl all round. But, of course, I merely look at them as an outsider, you know.

Harry. To tell you the truth, I can't make up my mind which I love, Dora or Laura. But now you mention it, I think Laura is the better.

Jack (*rising*). Well, that's my opinion. Still, make your choice. I'm off. (*Aside.*) Trying to run off with my Dora, the knave! (*To Harry.*) Ta-ta, old man; go in and win Laura! (*Exit laughing.*)

Harry (*puzzled*). I wonder if he's right? Dora is worth her weight in gold, but she certainly has a bit of a temper. Laura, on the other hand, is peculiarly tractable, which, after all, is necessary in a good wife. I'd better have Laura. I'll go off

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and see her now, and get it over. (*Goes towards door, and runs into Tom Ellison.*) Hullo, Tom! Glad to see you. I'm just off on most important business—an affair of the heart, you know. (*Taps his waistcoat and wags head.*)

TOM. Oh! we are dogs, we are! Who's the lady, Harry?

HARRY. One of the Robinson girls. Do you know them?

TOM. By Jove! yes. Dora, I suppose?

HARRY. Dora? Not I. Bad-tempered little minx. No, my boy, Laura's my little lot, and I flatter myself she's mine, or will be by lunch-time.

TOM (*aside*). Here, he's after Laura!—my Laura! I must stop it—an idea. (*Aloud*). Hope you'll get her, my boy. I say, why Laura? She's so hopelessly demure, not your sort a bit. Hang it, Laura couldn't say "boo" to a goose! Why don't you have a shot at Dora?

HARRY (*suspiciously*). What's the matter with Laura? What are you getting at?

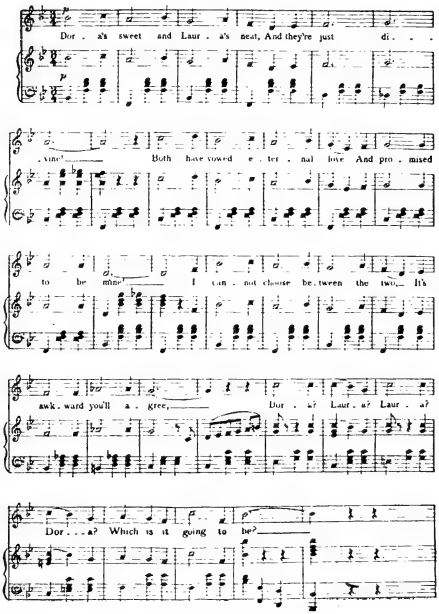
TOM (*soothing him*). All right, my dear boy, all right; nothing to get excited about. I'm only thinking of your future happiness—a-hem! you are one of those fellows who want a splendid wife to trot round with. Laura is all that's charming, I'll admit—by the way, you understand that I am merely a disinterested outsider? (*Harry nods*), and so take a dispassionate view of the situation. I say, take Dora—she's the girl for you. (*Gets up.*)

HARRY. Thanks awfully for the advice, old man, I—I'll think over it.

TOM. Do, Harry. Well, I'm off. (*Aside.*) Whew! it's been a close shave, but I've got him off my Laura. (*Aloud.*) S'long, Harry! (*Exit.*)

HARRY (*hopelessly perplexed*). Heavens! I am in a fix. First one fellow objects to Dora, and t'other chap objects to Laura, and I love 'em both, and don't know which to have — Dora? Laura? — I must decide somehow or other. (*Takes photographs out of his pocket.*) Now, we'll make up our minds. (*Looks from one to the other.*) Which is it to be—Dora? Laura?—Laura? Dora?

SONG. "Dora?—Laura?"

(*Pearson's Sixpenny Music.*)

Dor . a's sweet and Laur . a's neat, And they're just di . . .
vine! Both have vowed e . ter . nal love And pro . mised
to be mine? I can . not choose be . tween the two. It's
awk . ward you'll a . gree, Dor . a? Laur . a? Laur . a?
Dor . . . a? Which is it going to be?

(*During the last verse Jack comes in with Dora and Tom with Laura. There is a pause in the middle before the last chorus. Harry looks round and sees the two couples. He is puzzled.*)

JACK. Let me introduce Dora, my future wife—Mr. Harry Travers. (*Dora curtseys very low.*)

TOM. And let me present Laura, *my* future wife—Mr. Harry Travers. (*Laura curtseys low.*)

(*Harry collapses, and sits on the middle sofa, his head in his hands. The others sing the final chorus derisively.*)

[CURTAIN.]

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Real Life Romances.

Contributions to these Pages, which will be Paid for if Accepted, are Invited.

Saved by a Hyena.

AN ANIMAL TRAINER'S ADVENTURE.

IT is not often that a wild animal in captivity defends a human being from the attacks of other animals. Nor would one name the hyena, with its fiendish laughter and cunning eyes, as the hero of such an incident. However, Theodore Fischer, an animal trainer of Berlin, owes his escape from a terrible mauling, and perhaps death, entirely to the friendly aid of a hyena.

Not long ago, Fischer had under his charge two large bears. These very soon proved themselves to be the most unmanageable brutes in the circus. The lions in the den opposite cowered at a glance from the trainer, and, at the crack of his whip, leapt through hoops of blazing fire.

Not so the bears.

One day, impatient at his defeat, the trainer boldly entered their cage. The bears glared at him fiercely, and he drove them to one corner.

Cracking his whip with pistol-like reports, the trainer advanced, fixing a steady gaze upon the sullen creatures.

Suddenly a great rage shook both animals. Their sleepy movements became alert, and, snarling savagely, they reared themselves on their hind legs, advancing, with paws outstretched, slowly towards the trainer.

A momentary fear came over Fischer. He realised that the bears were about to attack him. Escape was impossible, for between him and the door of the den the two bears barred the way.

Step by step, half fearing their helpless adversary, the male bear advanced, followed closely by the female.

The trainer nerved himself for the struggle.

A black paw whistled through the air. Shaggy fur brushed his face. He sprang back.

Again the bears moved slowly forward. Foot by foot the trainer gave way before them. They were pressing him towards the bars. Once there they would crush the life from him. He threw a despairing glance round the den. The small door leading to the adjoining cage caught his eye.

In there he would be safe. Shouting loudly he smashed his whip over the head of the leading bear; then with a bound he was at the door. Something struck him on the back, and he staggered into the cage.

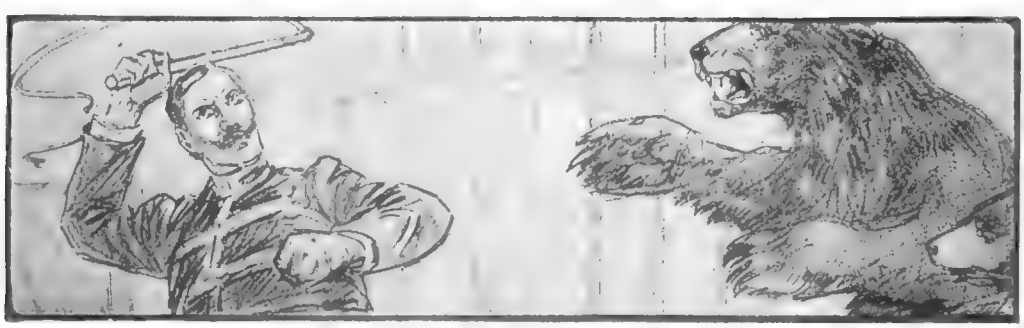
Too exhausted to move, the trainer glanced at the door. In his flight he had had no time to fasten it. Already one of the bears had discovered the exit, and, crouching low, was endeavouring to squeeze a way through.

Then a strange thing happened. From behind the trainer a hyena bounded towards the bears. A fearful snarling filled the place. Fur flew, blood bespattered the floor. But the bears pressed to the attack.

Fischer scanned the cage anxiously.

Never had a man watched the result of a fight with more anxiety. Time after time the bears returned to the onslaught, but each time the hyena drove them back smarting with wounds.

Suddenly the sound of voices rose above the din. A score of attendants rushed to the cage. Red hot irons were thrust at the bears. The fight was stopped. And the trainer stepped out unharmed from his terrible half hour in the bears' cage.



Cracking his whip with pistol-like reports, the trainer advanced.

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The Wrecked Aeroplane.

A SCIENTIFIC TRAGEDY.

AT the little town of San Jose, in California, two thousand people were gathered together to watch the flight of an aeroplane which had been invented and perfected by Professor Montgomery, of the Santa Clara Catholic College.

The huge machine rested upon the ground, and the spectators were grouped about it, admiring its graceful lines and assuring each other that the problem of aerial navigation had been solved at last. A few were still doubtful; the airship, it is true, had for the past four months been making satisfactory ascents, but none of them had been of any great height. Now, however, it was to be put to a more exacting test, and its success or failure would be decided once and for all.

Mr. Maloney, the aeronaut, came forward and took his place in the framework which formed the car of the airship. There was not a trace of anxiety on his face, for he felt assured that this experiment would be as successful as the minor ones which had preceded it. In his eyes there were signs of a pleasurable excitement, for he knew that within the next hour it would be decided whether his name should rank amongst those of the geniuses of the twentieth century.

He raised his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the bystanders. Then, with a wave of his hand, he signalled to his assistants to cut the ropes by which the balloon was anchored. There was a momentary pause. Then the people held their breath as they watched the great ball leap into the sky, dragging the aeroplane behind it.

He was beyond human aid.

At a height of four thousand feet the balloon found its level, and Maloney cut the rope which connected it with the airship. A subdued buzz rose from the spectators below as they saw that now the machine was resting in mid-air totally unsupported. Far above them, the aeroplane hovered with extended wings like some huge bird.

After remaining motionless for some time, Maloney began to descend, gliding here and there, and outlining fancy figures to prove that the machine was absolutely under his control, and capable of being steered in any direction.

Cheer upon cheer rose from the assembled crowd, for now even the doubters were convinced that aerial navigation was an accomplished fact. They watched the airship slowly approaching them, and they shouted encouragement to the brave man who was risking his life for the cause of science.

Then of a sudden the cheers died on their lips. The guy ropes had fouled on the rear wings, and the great machine was pitching over and over. The graceful flight had become a headlong descent.

But one man at least retained his presence of mind. Father Bell lifted his hand in the direction of the falling aeroplane, and made the sign of absolution just as the unfortunate aeronaut crashed to the ground.

A hundred men ran to his assistance, but he was beyond human aid, and, even while they held him, his spirit passed from his mangled body.

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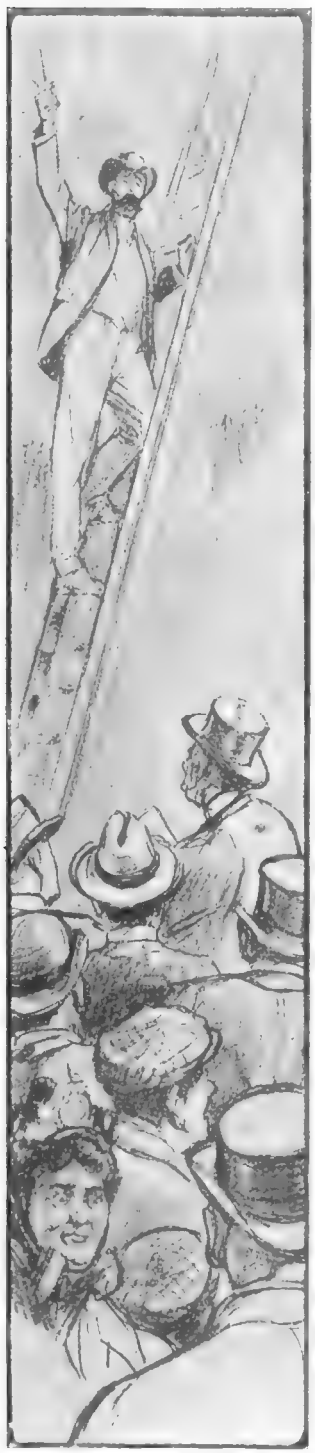

A resident of Painswick . . . seizing a ladder, suddenly climbed on to the top of the stack.

A Stack of Hay.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE STORY.

FOR SALE! Live-stock, agricultural implements—everything that a certain farm near Painswick, Gloucestershire, contained was being sold. For the landlord, failing to receive the rent, had ordered the auction under a distress warrant.

Presently the auctioneer paused before a large hay-stack.

Here is where the story really begins. For, to the surprise of everyone, a resident of Painswick, well known to all present, seizing a ladder, suddenly climbed on to the top of the stack.

The auctioneer looked puzzled, then, turning to his catalogue, began to extol the qualities of the hay in question. "This stack is not for sale," objected the man from his elevated position. The auctioneer demurred.

"I bought this hay some months ago," continued the same voice in aggrieved tones.

"Nevertheless, I fear it must be sold with the other things," replied the auctioneer.

The man on the stack flushed angrily.

"I will not have my property sold. I say I bought this stack some months ago." He thrust a hand in his pocket. "Here is the receipt; paid on the day of purchase; to be taken away at my own convenience."

Here he explained that he had spoken of the matter to the landlord and others interested, but they, acting on the law, had refused to allow him to remove his property.

Sympathetic disapproval of the landlord's action rose from the crowd of buyers.

The auctioneer declared that, as the landlord demanded the sale of the stack, his orders must be carried out. "Very well," returned the supplanted owner. "Let the sale continue. But first allow me to warn all intending bidders that this hay will make excellent fuel. . . . There are such stuffs as arsenic, and strychnine, and pyretherum powder," he added solemnly. "And you know such things are apt to spoil the value of one's animals." Everyone seemed impressed. "Now I don't say that all these stuffs are in the stack. But I have a notion that there might be enough poison in it to kill—a thousand animals. . . . However, buy it if you like and see. I have said my say. And I will stake a thousand pounds that what I have said is true!"

"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "we will proceed with the sale. Now what do you bid? Let me say——?"

No offer was made. All present sympathised with their neighbour, regarding him as the rightful owner of the stack.

"Let me say——?" Again the auctioneer looked round.

"As no one seems to want the hay," shouted the man from the stack, preparing to descend, "I will bid." And without competition, the stack was "knocked down" to him for an absurdly low figure.

"Now, gentlemen," said the purchaser triumphantly, "no doubt you consider what I said was bluff. But it was not."

Stepping to a corner of the stack, he plunged his arm into the hay, and drew out a white-papered packet.

"This," said he, "is pyretherum powder—a powder that destroys insects. And I'll stake a thousand pounds that it will kill ten thousand animals—*of a sort*."

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The Imprisoned Baron.

HOW LOVE LAUGHED AT LOCKS.

THIS story concerns a girl and a young nobleman, the scion of a wealthy house. It happened in Hungary, at Grosswarden.

She was a pretty peasant girl, with dancing eyes, cheeks coloured by the fresh country air, and hands reddened by toil in the fields.

He—he was a great man, a nobleman! And he loved her.

One evening he told her that someone had whispered of them to his parents. Questioned, he had boldly answered it was true, and that he intended to marry the peasant girl. Then, bidding her "Good-night," he left, promising to return the next evening.

A week passed.

One morning, early, an old man knocked at the cottage. In his hand he held a letter. A cry burst from the girl as she recognised the writing on the envelope, and, with breathless haste, read: ". . . My parents have enticed me into the castle tower. I am a prisoner on the first floor. The old man who brings you this is my attendant, or rather keeper. Heaven knows how much longer I shall be imprisoned here! For ever, I think. For my parents say they will not release me until I promise never to see you again. That I never will. All day I sit thinking of you, helpless to come to you."

With glistening eyes, the girl questioned the old man. From him she learnt that her lover had all he could desire but freedom. He wanted for nothing.

"Nothing!" she echoed indignantly, and, rushing into the cottage, left the old man standing bewildered and alone.

That night she sat late, talking with her father. They must rescue the Baron, she told him. She had thought of a plan, which, with his help, would release her lover from the castle.

Next morning, a strange man talked with the aged keeper of the tower.

"If at dusk to-night," he said, "you leave the Baron's rooms unlocked and the tower door, too, a thousand crowns shall be yours. And still another thousand if the Baron escapes."

The old man gasped. Wealth, untold wealth, loomed suddenly before him.

"It shall be done," he quavered, shuffling into the tower.

* * * * *

The moon rose clear above the castle, and the loud hooting of an owl sounded from the tower. A rumble of wheels intermingled, ceasing abruptly. From a bush, the same stranger who had spoken to the old man in the morning advanced. The small door of the tower was unlocked. He entered.

A few minutes passed. Then the door re-opened, and the stranger emerged, closely followed by—the young Baron.

Hidden among the pines a rough cart lay waiting. As the men approached, a girlish form sprang from the horse's head.

"Father," she called anxiously to the tall stranger, "have you brought him?"

"The Baron is here," her lover answered, "and to-morrow you will be the Baroness."

And to-day the peasant girl of Grosswarden is the wife of the young Baron.

As the men approached, a girlish form sprang from the horse's head.

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A Strange Commission.

THE ROMANCE OF A BRITISH COLONIST.

A LONELY man was John Stobbs. To him life in the solitary little station on the Uganda Railway had become well-nigh intolerable. The days dawned fierce and warm, and the black station porters went about their work oblivious of the torrid heat, whilst he, the Englishman in charge, sweltered, and longed for the cool country lanes of his English home.

Company there was none. To John Stobbs it seemed as if he had been buried alive, so entirely was he shut out of the world.

Then the idea came—came one night as the mosquitoes hummed about his netted bed. He would marry a pretty English girl, like one of the many he remembered long ago in his village home. Then thought number two slipped in, spoiling the first. How was it to be done? He could not find an English girl out there. In all British East Africa there were probably not a dozen to be found.

But thought number three came suddenly to the rescue. His brother in England! Why not trust him to find a wife for him?

Scarcely had the first train vanished into the forest than John Stobbs retired to his office, and, in careful words, penned to his brother the great idea that had come to him in the night.

* * *

In England John's brother sat with brows contracted. Before him a letter lay open, bearing the stamp of British East Africa. Here was a commission the like of which he had never known before. His brother said he was lonely—wanted a wife—and actually asked him to select one for him.

At Mombasa they met . . . and were married.

Well, he would do his best. And forthwith he set about seeking amongst his friends and acquaintances a girl whom he thought his brother would have chosen had he been there to see.

At last he discovered a girl who, he thought, possessed all the virtues his brother admired. And now came the delicate task of proposing on another's behalf. However, he overcame the difficulty, and, painting his brother in glowing words, the girl's objections too.

So one day John found a letter, addressed in a girlish hand, lying on his desk. His heart fluttered in a most unaccountable manner as, by some intuition, he knew that the first step in his idea had been accomplished.

And now came several months, in which he wrote to his "little English sweetheart," for thus, in thought, he fondly termed her. And each mail he, too, received a letter telling of her home, hoping he was not lonely, and, finally, saying that she was coming out to him.

* * *

A month later, John Stobbs, thoughts of his lonely life all gone, a happy man, left his lonely station, and, despite the tropical heat of the carriage, enjoyed his ride to Mombasa to meet his bride as he never remembered having enjoyed a railway journey before.

At Mombasa they met, and, surprising as it seems, were married within an hour of their first meeting.

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SURVIVORS' GREAT TALES OF EVENTS

Photo Reginald Bleasdale.

Sergeant Teer, who tells the story.

IX.—THE CABUL MASSACRE.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT EDWARD TEER, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF "THE ILLUSTRIOUS GARRISON" OF JELLALABAD.

BY WALTER WOOD.

THE Cabul disaster of 1841 was "the heaviest and most shameful which had ever befallen our arms in Asia." Hatred of the restored native sovereign, and the deplorable incapacity of our commanders, caused the fanatical Afghans to rise against the British, who then occupied Cabul.

The commanders were assassinated, and the British were forced to leave the city. About 5000 British troops and 12,000 camp followers and women and children tried to retreat to Jellalabad, not a hundred miles away, but only accessible through gloomy mountain passes which were thick with snow. Of that large body only a few survived as prisoners, and only one soul, the famous Dr. Bryden, reached Jellalabad. Every other creature was butchered by the merciless Afghans.

It is a remarkable fact that the narrator of this story, Sergeant Edward Teer, a veteran who is close upon his ninetieth year, was the sentry who saw Dr. Bryden—that "Remnant of an Army" immortalised by Lady Elizabeth Butler—approach the fort, and challenged him when he rode up to claim its shelter.

Let your imagination take you back for more than sixty years to the early forties, and to that wonderful land whose very name suggests unnumbered battles and incalculable booty—India.

Cabul—city of blood and treachery and intrigue—is on the very outskirts of our Indian Empire, in the heart of the hills, and it was occupied by British troops, who were so sure of their position that most of them who were married had been joined by their wives and families, as if the city were actually an Indian station. Profound peace was supposed to reign, and yet the Afghans were plotting to remove the hated Feringhees, who, they said, treated them, a proud and warlike race, as if they were dirt, and treated their women even worse.

Suddenly the signal was given for an appalling butchery. The streets of the city were filled with armed tribesmen clamouring for vengeance. They demanded the life of Sir Alexander Burnes, the British Envoy-elect. He tried to pacify them, and offered a heavy bribe for his own life and his brother's. A hillman, who pretended friendship, guaranteed to take them into safety if they would disguise themselves as natives. They did so, but, as soon as they had left their house, the traitor made them known, and they were cut to pieces.

That was the beginning of ruthless work with fire and sword and musket. From that day onward, the rioters were reinforced by fierce hillmen, who hurried forward so that they might share in the plunder and revenge. Just before Christmas-day, Sir William Macnaghten, the envoy, who had tried to overcome the deceit of the Afghans with deceit of his own, was found out and treacherously murdered, and there was nothing left but to try to retreat to Jellalabad, and seek the protection of the British and native garrison there under the brave Sir Robert Sale.

Six hostages were demanded by the Afghans, and amongst those who were left were Lady Sale and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sturt. The sick and wounded were left also,

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and then, at nine o'clock on the morning of January 6th, 1842, began that retreat which is without parallel in our annals.

Snow had fallen heavily, and was a foot deep even on the regular track. The disheartened, dejected army slowly picked its melancholy way through snow and slush, escaping from a pitiless enemy into a country as merciless. The women and children were carried in doolies, guarded by a score or two of cavalry and infantry.

It was like a gigantic wounded animal crawling on the face of the wild, barren country, with every part exposed to ceaseless danger. Long, indeed, before the rearguard left Cabul the bloodthirsty Afghans had fallen upon it, and the snow was dotted with corpses.

Only five miles were covered in the course of that unspeakably depressing day. Then came a night of unmitigated suffering and horror. The intense frost killed many starving men and women and little ones, while Afghan knives and bullets claimed many more. Only a few tents remained, and these were used for the women and children and two or three of the commanders, amongst them General Elphinstone, the chief.

Near Cabul is the Little Cabul Pass, which must be traversed before Jellalabad is reached. It is a gloomy, terrible road at best, but infinitely awful now when that long, straggling, despairing body of human beings was hurrying into its forbidding mouth. Well indeed might they have fancied that they were entering the jaws of death or hell, for as they gained its portals the hillmen hovering in the cliffs above fired incessantly, and hurled rocks upon them. There was a helter-skelter hurry through the pass to reach the open plain beyond.

Fighting valiantly, the rearguard and the gunners were slain in the pass, and so overwhelming were the onslaughts of the barbarous assailants that on the morning of the 9th fewer than a thousand fighting men were left alive, while thousands of camp followers had been massacred and all the baggage plundered.

A halt was made, and in sheer despair the list of hostages was lengthened. With them were transferred all the women and children and the wounded officers. Another long pass was traversed on the 10th, which was a repetition of the butchery and outrage and plunder of the previous days, so much so, that only two hundred and fifty white men emerged, every native soldier being killed or dying of famine or exhaustion.

Yard by yard, night and day, the survivors struggled on despairingly, their pathway through the snow being marked by the bodies of the dead or dying. So they continued, ever hoping to reach Jellalabad, until they came to a cleft in two enormous walls of rock. Into this fatal chasm they forced their way—only to find that their path was blocked by tree-trunks and branches of the prickly holly-oak. While struggling to overcome this unexpected obstacle the writhing troops and followers were shot down from above, and the gloomy hills re-echoed with the hideous yells of Afghans, who rushed in upon them with their cruel knives and put the finish to their work of butchery.

Even yet a few of the soldiers escaped from the pass into the open country beyond; but salvation was denied them, and nothing more appalling has been pictured in regimental annals than the last stand of the British soldiers in those fatal hills—prominent amongst them being the old 44th Foot, now the Essex Regiment.

Three men, indeed, struggled onward until they were within a few miles of Jellalabad, but they were overtaken and killed, and only Dr. Bryden, after a week of unexampled sufferings and horrors, rode on his exhausted horse into the fort—"remnant of an army," indeed! He alone had effected the retreat to the friendly fort, although about a hundred and twenty men, women, and children were living as prisoners in the keeping of Mohammad Akbar, the man who had treacherously shot Macnaghten dead.

Now let Sergeant Edward Teer go on with the story.

* * * * *

I had left Cabul only two or three weeks before the general rising against the British and the murder of the leading officers, and had gone with my regiment, the 13th Light Infantry, to Jellalabad, where Sir Robert Sale, as second in command, was at the head of a brigade. We had been forced to fight our way from Cabul, and fight so hard that one bit of the march, through a pass only ten miles long, took us thirteen hours to cover. We had to drive the hillmen off at every step. I potted at them steadily, being encouraged by a staff officer whom I afterwards knew to be Captain Havelock, and who in later years became one of the heroes of the Mutiny.

Soldiering was soldiering in those days—one of my first sights in Candahar, before going to Cabul, was seeing an Afghan blown to pieces from a gun, for the trivial offence of spitting in the face of an English

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soldier! I had been ill with sunstroke and had just left hospital, and, oh! how sick it made me! They put a board across the muzzle, the man was tied to it, and then board and victim were blown to bits when the gun was fired.

As if our marching and sufferings on the way from Cabul to Jellalabad were not enough, we had to escort a dozen prisoners of the 13th who had been court-martialled and sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land, but our general released them on the way, on his own responsibility. Those were the days of old John Company, remember, before India was actually taken over by the Crown.

We left Cabul on October 8th, but did not enter Jellalabad until November 14th. The Afghans were close upon our heels, harrying us, and had got into the fort ahead of us, but we drove them out and worked without ceasing to strengthen the city and hold it until we were relieved.

Until we were relieved! That was the pity and the irony of it!

We had taken the fort, and now the tribesmen were gathering to wrest it from us. We were waiting for relief, for reinforcements, and from the very people who were themselves compelled to fly and try to seek refuge with us in Jellalabad!

But of all those terrible happenings we knew nothing. We deluded ourselves into the comforting belief that help was coming, and were we not justified, for had we not heard that General Elphinstone was leaving Cabul? We, who had covered the same route, knew how long it took an army to get from Cabul to Jellalabad, and we reckoned up the days as only prisoners who are craving for their liberty count them.

Now came the saddest and most thrilling day that has marked my life, nor have I known a more momentous one in all my days of soldiering and adventure.

It was January 13th, two months after we had entered the fort, and I was on sentry duty on the walls over what we called the Cabul Gate. At such a time, in such a place, imprisoned in an enemy's fort in the heart of that enemy's country, the unbidden thought arose, as it had arisen so often lately: "Will the promised relief never come? Shall we never again hear the welcome sounds of English voices, never more behold the bronzed and resolute faces of the British soldiers, the faces that mark the men whose lives are always threatened and in peril?" No human being who has not been in such a desperate case can know or understand the craving that possesses one who was placed as I and the rest of us were placed—on the very outskirts of the world, with nothing to mark one weary day from another but the tale of death or work or suffering.

The yearning question had been put a hundred times, and as often answered. See the relieving force? Have the reinforcements with us? Of course we should! Had it not been ordered that an army should be sent to us, and were not orders such as that at all times carried out when British troops received them?

Surely our help was near! Surely the hateful plains which were everlastingly the same would be brightened with the glorious scarlet of those old and distant days before khaki had been even dreamt of as a fighting colour for our soldiers.

"Ah! What was that?" Even as I thought like that while looking from my post towards that spot where I knew the relieving force must first be seen, I saw a moving object! It was a mere speck, but the speck grew larger and still larger until it was revealed as a man on horseback. That I knew, and I knew as surely that the man was not an Afghan, because the Afghans' clothing was a dirty white, and his was black.

A very tumult of excitement and conjecture filled me. I watched his coming with a gaze that never faltered—never left him, and all the time, as man and horse grew more distinct, what could I think except that here was an advance messenger to bring the glad tidings of approaching British reinforcements?

The solitary horseman rode towards the fort. It was like a dream to watch him coming out of nothingness—a thing so small in a country so vast, a creature so helpless in a land where cruel tribesmen swarmed.

On he came until he was only 200 yards from the fort. Then he dismounted and knelt down behind a little bit of garden wall—for fragments of a wall had been left, just enough to cover a man, and giving shelter to the stranger who had ridden up. From that protecting spot he scanned the fort, and God alone knows what his feelings must have been to see a British sentry standing out against the Indian sky.

Then, and not till then, when I saw that the lonely rider was an Englishman and a fugitive, I gave the alarm. How did I raise it, you ask? Well, at such a time a sentry cannot and does not always act according to a cut-and-dried instruction.

I was full of wonder and excitement, and

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I turned towards the inside of the fort and shouted:

"There's a European behind a bit of the garden wall! He is dismounted!"

On hearing that amazing cry the officers rushed out and scrambled on to the walls. They saw that the fugitive was a fellow-countryman, and that he was utterly exhausted. They signalled to him to advance, and more than that, they rushed forward to succour him, and two of them "linked" him into our place of refuge. His horse—so badly wounded that it died next day—was brought in, too. That was when we had opened the gate of the fort and lowered the only drawbridge we possessed—one which spanned a trench we had dug outside the walls.

Not until then did we learn the too terrible truth—that this worn-out man whose very looks inspired a melting pity, was Dr. Bryden, a British Army doctor, and that he was the only survivor of the army which had left Cabul to join us.

He alone, this fugitive who had seemed to come from nowhere, was left of a force which numbered nearly sixteen thousand souls!

"Remnant of an army" indeed!

Human nature is prone to selfishness, and perhaps the feeling that at the outset possessed most of us was one of bitter disappointment that no relief could come from the quarter to which we had looked; but whatever selfishness there might have been was swallowed up in sympathy for this lonely fugitive, and grief for the slain—and worse—away in the gloomy passes. The doctor had fallen into good hands indeed, and no pains were spared to bring him round.

What a night it was which closed that awful day! At dusk the buglers were told off to the city walls—for what? To sound the "Advance and assembly!" To send the message of welcome and safety ringing over those barren plains and amongst those pitiless hills, to sound those clear and stirring notes which would have been so gladly heard by those whom death had made silent for ever.

Was ever anything more pitiful than this invitation to the wanderers to come into the fold?

There were none of us who did not see the deep significance of it all, and none more clearly saw it than our commanding officer, who went to the buglers and sorrowfully told them that he never expected to hear the resurrection bugles, "for," he added, "these are the resurrection bugles for General Elphinstone's army. There is not another man of them left alive!"

And so we knew when the doctor told his story.

First we heard that he had parted company from three other officers only eight miles from Jellalabad, and next morning we sent out a party to find them. We discovered the bodies of two, and carried them into the city, where we buried them; but the third was never accounted for.

Of the gloomy stories which he told, none moved us more than his narrative of the death of General Sale's son-in-law, Captain Sturt, who had married Miss Sale in Cabul just before the disastrous retreat, and whose bride was amongst the hostages left behind. Captain Sturt was informed that a European woman was lying dead in the snow, and that a child, which was still alive, was by her side. "We must save that child!" cried Captain Sturt, and, reckless of his own life, he dashed forward—reckless, I say, because the work of massacre was going on, and on every side men and women and children were falling in the snow under the Afghan knives.

As the captain picked the child up he was shot through the heart, and fell dead.

The mother's name was Stokes, and she was married to a private in the 13th. She was one of three soldiers' wives—unhappy creatures!—who had come out from England and been taken up to Cabul. The Afghans sent the child in to us some time afterwards. It was greatly disfigured by tattooing. I remember it well, because it was in a tent next to mine and used to keep me awake at nights by shouting, in either Hindustani or the Afghan tongue. Poor little creature! Who can wonder if it had bad dreams, remembering what it had gone through?

For six sad nights our buglers sounded the "Advance and assembly" from the walls, then we ceased to hope that stragglers from the vanished army would answer the call, and after that the bugles rang no more.

We held out in the city against the Afghans for six long months, and defied all their efforts to crush us.

But there is only one outstanding thing that I am going to tell about, and that was a happening so terrible and nerve-destroying that I have never hesitated to say that I would rather fight in a hundred battles than live through that catastrophe again.

On February 18th there was one of those mysteries of Nature which in those days few men could understand. The air was so full of

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There was a friendly chief amongst them who suddenly galloped up to our walls.

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electricity that the sentries could not hold their muskets, and had to stand beside them, for to touch metal of any sort was to have the body thrilled with countless needle-pricks.

This was awesome enough in the daytime, when man's courage is at its highest, but it was unendurable at night. There was the sense of an overwhelming danger, and with it the helplessness of perfect ignorance. Not even the officers could explain the mystery, and we could only wait fearfully for a solution. In the darkness, the electric force played round the tips of the bayonets, making balls of ghostly flame.

These dreadful signs disappeared with the night, and, soldier-like, we forgot our fears and went about our work.

But just before noon next day there was a strange, unearthly noise like thunder. Instantly we thought that the enemy had outgeneralled us, and had sprung a mine to encompass our destruction; then we knew that no work of man had startled us.

Believe me, the very earth heaved like a stormy sea, and the great mountains near us literally danced.

In that time of peril we thought the hills would fall upon and bury us. As it was, we were hurled to the ground, and when, in speechless fear, we staggered to our feet again, we reeled like drunken men. We clutched each other and never spoke a word, but there was not a blanched face on which was not written the word "Lost!"

The earthquake, for such it was, lasted about eighteen seconds, and destroyed in a flash of time our heavy labours of four months. Our works of defence—how puny against such a mighty power!—were shattered; some of the native troops were buried in the hospital, which collapsed, and some were injured. The earthquake was guilty of some strange freaks, too, for it hurled one of our officers and a man who was bargaining with him for a pipe through some piled arms, but by extraordinary luck the two escaped being cut to pieces by the bayonets.

While we were standing about in groups, awed and silent, the brave Havelock said solemnly: "Now, men, that is the voice of the great "I Am," telling us not to put our trust in big guns and mud walls, but to trust in Him, our God!" I learnt to venerate the name of that great soldier, and none the less because when he had spoken like that he added: "At the same time, we must get the guns up!"

And get to work we did. We patched up our defences and replaced our guns, and as for the period when we were at the mercy of the foe, we were spared his onslaughts because he, too, had suffered, and had abandoned the siege for a while so that he could run home and repair his shattered villages.

For two more weary months we held the fort against the whole of the Afghan army, which had the captured English guns to use, while we had no help from anywhere. There was a friendly chief amongst them who suddenly galloped up to our walls, threw himself from his horse and jumped into the ditch, marvellously escaping the shower of bullets which followed him. When we got him inside we found that he had brought gold for our use and was quite weighted down with it. He remained with us throughout the rest of the siege.

We had the excitement of our sorties, and the sending of spies. One of these spies, dispatched by Havelock, had his message hidden in a cake. The Afghans caught him, and by way of warning to those who might try to do the same, they choked him with his own cake before our eyes. But desperate men can never be deterred, and at last a spy got safely through, with his cypher dispatch hidden in a quill.

Then came a solemn night when we were to risk everything in the forlorn atttempt to rush from the city upon the enemy, to capture that food without which we must surely perish. We knew how desperate the effort was considered when we received orders that all who wished to make their wills must have them ready for attestation at midnight, when company officers would witness them and company pay-sergeants would issue paper for the purpose. But there was not paper enough for all, and I was amongst those whose wills were left unmade.

We sallied forth and conquered, for we put the enemy to flight and seized his provisions, and not only that, but his standard. It was Sergeant White, of the 13th, who took it, and he got £20 a year pension for taking the flag, which was sent to the Tower of London.

Then, on April 17th, there came to our relief the Army of Revenge, and words cannot describe the exultation in our hearts as we saw the redcoats coming.

And was our welcome any the less joyful because our bands mounted those mud walls from which I had challenged "the remnant of an army" and played the deliverers in with "Oh! but you're a long time a-comin'"?

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The Remnant of an Army.

From the Painting by Lady Butler. By permission of The Fine Art Society Ltd., 148 New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyrig

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The Mendacious Youth.

I do not think I ever met
A more mendacious youth,
In all my many travellings,
Than Master Joey Booth;
For from his birth he never had
Been known to speak the truth.

In matters great, in matters small,
He lied, did little Joe.
When asked if he liked chocolates,
He answered: "Oh dear, no!"
For sooner than be truthful, he
All pleasures would forego.

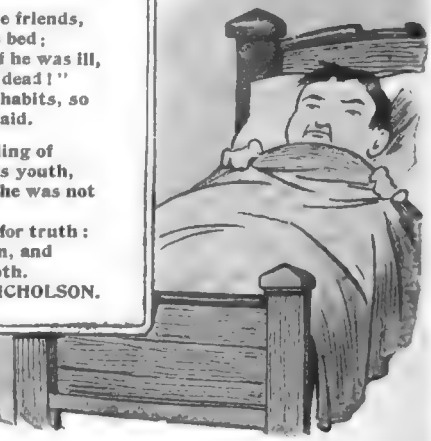
If in the village strangers stopped
And asked of him the way,
He said: "I am a stranger too,
And only came to-day;"
Or else he pointed out a road
Which led them quite astray.

In time his family began
To judge the youth aright;
If anything he told them, they
Believed the opposite.
For instance, if he said 'twas day,
They knew it must be night.

While on a visit to some friends,
One morn he kept his bed;
And when they asked if he was ill,
He answered: "I am dead!"
They did not know his habits, so
Believed in what he said.

Oh! awful was the ending of
This most mendacious youth,
For though, of course, he was not dead,
They took his words for truth:
They put him in a coffin, and
They buried Joey Booth.

W. NICHOLSON.



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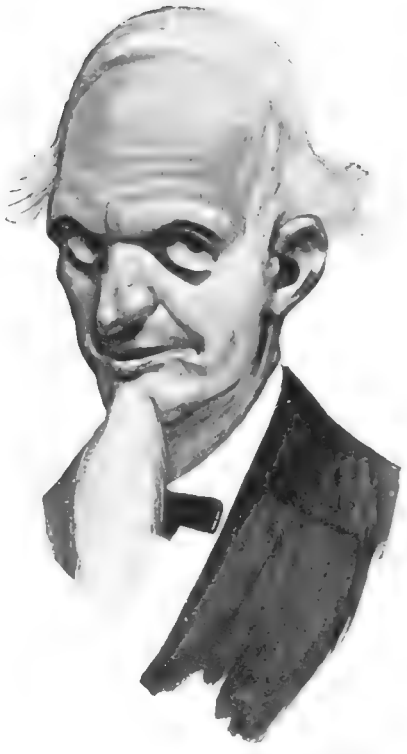
Schlossmann's Home Outfit.

The Story of a Wonderful Invention and its Untimely End.

By Wolmer Whyte.



In the course of forty years on this planet I've knocked against some curious samples of humanity, but I guess the queerest cuss I ever struck was old Schlossmann of New Canaan.

Schlossmann interested me because I found, pretty soon, that I could no more read his thoughts and judge what he'd do in given circumstances than I could ruin John D. Rockefeller by opening an oil shop in the Bowery. At first his queer actions used to surprise me, but after a while I only got astonished when, about once in six months, he did what I expected of him.

I used to spend most of my evenings at his place, and when I didn't turn up he generally sent the girl round to fetch me. His share of the house consisted of two rooms, divided by folding doors, and I used to sit and watch him at work.

Night after night I sat and watched Schlossmann tinkering, and naturally I was more than a bit surprised when one evening I found him doing nothing. He gave me his usual good welcome, but the whole of that evening he seemed not himself. The next evening he was the same, and for a week he didn't do anything.

It was pretty plain that something was troubling Schlossmann, and when, at the end of the week, he wriggled and squirmed in his chair and ventured to hope that I was aware of the value he set upon my friendship, and the delight he got from my nightly visits, I guessed I was about to know what the trouble was. At last he screwed himself up to the necessary pitch of determination and inquired nervously if I'd think it rude if he asked me not to call on him for a time.

"You see," he explained hesitatingly, "I'm engaged upon a little invention which I think I am not unduly optimistic in believing will completely revolutionise domestic life. And, my dear Vandervill, I want you to see it when it is complete."

I thanked him for the honour, and told him to come round to my place instead. He came about once a week; he was too busy with his invention to come oftener. I believe he worked half through the night as well as all day. It took him more than a year to complete, and when it was finished he sent me a note by the girl, asking me to call upon him at seven-thirty sharp the next morning.

I was surprised to find him in bed when I called at the time he had appointed. He greeted me effusively.

"I asked you to come at this early hour, Vandervill," he said, "because I wanted you to see the Home Outfit at work from the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night.

"You see," he went on, "*everything* in this room (with the exception of the tool-chest, there) is part of the Home Outfit. The bed I am lying upon, the table, the chairs, the bookcase, the bath, the windows—everything forms a part of the Home Outfit."

He paused, and I took the opportunity of looking round. The furniture was a problem of wires and small wheels, the floor was ruled with slots that reminded me of tramway conduits and there were a number of things the use of which I could not fathom. Schlossmann's eyes watched me from the bed-clothes as I made my survey.

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"Looks very clever," I said.

"Well, my dear Vandervill, I think I may say, without laying myself open to the charge of boastfulness, that it *is* clever. Sit down on the chair while I proceed to give an exposition."

"The tool-chest will do for me," I said.

Schlossmann smiled confidently.

"Very well," he said tolerantly, and proceeded to expound the object of his invention.

"You have frequently," he said, "heard people complain irritably of the little nuisances of life. You have, doubtless, often heard people say at bedtime, 'Why doesn't somebody invent a machine to undress me and put me to bed?' You have, probably, known, or at least heard of, people going without a bath because of the labour involved. Now, the Home Outfit reduces all these labours to a minimum; in fact, I may say that it abolishes them."

He paused to let his words sink in.

"Now," he went on, "I am going to show you the Home Outfit in operation. Observe this switch-board attached to the side of the bed within easy reach of my hand. The pressing of the little buttons with which it is studded is practically the only labour I now have in my home life. When I awake in the morning I press No. 1."

He pressed it, and I'm willing to admit that the result surprised me. The bedclothes swished off him and hung over the foot of the bed, his night-shirt was drawn over his head by an unseen force and folded itself on the pillow, and Schlossman lay there, clothed in a smile, awaiting my verdict.

"Wonderful!" I said; "wonderful!"

"I now press No. 2."

He had no sooner done so than a garment appeared from the side of the bed and excitedly strove to force itself over Schlossmann's head. It seemed to find some difficulty in achieving its end, and Schlossmann at first looked surprised, but at length raised his head first and then his body and allowed the thing to slip into position. It was a long, loose garment, and although it clothed him completely from head to foot, it was not the sort of thing a tailor would think much of.

"Ha, ha!" said Schlossmann merrily, "a little mistake I must have made in numbering the buttons last night. But I was very weary, Vandervill, and it is hardly to be wondered that, after contriving the intricate Home Outfit with such care, I should treat the numbering of the buttons as a trifling matter, and, consequently, carry it out carelessly. But now I find I'm dressed, I'll just get out of bed and show you the working of that chair to give you confidence in it. You'll find it more comfortable to sit upon than the tool chest."

He climbed out of bed and sat in the chair. There was a switchboard on the chair too, and as he pressed one of the buttons it glided swiftly to the cosy corner by the stove. Pressing another button, a reading-desk unfolded from the chair and a volume of Emerson appeared and opened itself upon it.

"In the summer," he said, "I generally read on the verandah." He pressed another button, and the chair glided off in the direction of the French windows, which opened to permit it to pass through. As the temperature was below forty degrees Fahrenheit, Schlossmann did not stay

I was surprised to find him in bed when I called at the time he had appointed.

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there long. The pressure on a button brought him back to the fireplace and shut the windows, and another closed the book and folded the reading-desk.

"It's all very wonderful, Schlossmann," I said, "and——"

"Don't say that, my dear Vandervill, until you've seen me have my bath," said Schlossmann; "but to show you that I must get back to bed again."

Touching the No. 12 button, the chair ran him up to the side of the bed, his suit slipped off over his head and disappeared, and, with a short, sharp jerk the chair tossed him up and deposited him on the bed. Even as he passed from chair to bed, his nightshirt shuffled over his head and the bedclothes drew over him.

"I now press No. 3," he said gravely.

A rumbling noise announced the appearance of the bath from under the bed, and when the whole of it had emerged, water flowed into it from a pipe whose nozzle just showed below the mattress.

"Pretty comprehensive, No. 3," I said, feeling that I ought to say something.

"It is, my dear Vandervill, it is," said Schlossmann; "but some of the numbers are even more comprehensive. Nos. 6 and 7 are my special pride, and when you see them in operation I think you will agree that they could not be improved upon. No. 5 is fairly good."

When there was sufficient water in the bath he pressed No. 1 button, which bereft him of everything but his smile as before. He then pressed No. 5, and it certainly was fairly good. The section of the bed on which he lay rose up and, carrying him to the side of the bed, tilted him gently into the bath, and two arms, the hands of which were sponges, appeared immediately from under the bed and vigorously swabbed him all over.

He opened an eye to see how I was impressed, but one of the arms promptly dabbed a sponge in it, so he kept them both shut. When he'd had enough, he stretched out his hand, groped for the switchboard, and pressed a button, and in a second he was lifted from the bath and deposited in the chair. The chair made for the windows at full speed, the windows opened to let him pass, the book-rest unfolded itself, and, in considerably less time than it takes to tell, Schlossmann, glistening with the water of his bath, was sitting upon the verandah with the pages of "The Simple Life" open before him.

I got up from the tool-chest and went out to join him.

"A little mistake," he said, with a nervous laugh; "I must have pressed the wrong button."

"Well," I said, "I guess the best thing you can do is to get up and come inside. It isn't the sort of weather for summer clothing."

"I can't," he said. "I pressed the 'reading' button in mistake, and the grips have got me fast."

I looked down and noticed that two padded grips locked him round the waist, and held his arms tight.

"I have a bad habit of falling asleep when I'm reading," he explained, "and the arms are to prevent me dropping from my chair."

They certainly looked efficient, and I wondered how I was to get him back into the room before he died of cold. I began tugging at the chair.

"That's no good, that's no good," said Schlossmann; who had found that the switchboard on the chair failed to act; "just go inside, my dear fellow, and press No 10."

I did as he told me, and two arms with towels came out from under the bed and worried me excitedly round the waist; but Schlossmann remained in the verandah with "The Simple Life." I tore myself from the clutches of the towels and shouted to Schlossmann that I had pressed No. 10.

"What's it done?" he called back.

"Towels!" I shouted.

"Then it's No. 9," he answered.

I pressed No. 9, and Schlossmann's quaint night-wear made a determined attempt to envelop me. I jumped clear and called out:

"I've pressed No. 9."

"Wh-wh-what's it d-d-done?" Schlossmann inquired in an arctic voice.

"Night-shirt," I shouted.

"T-t-try No. 12," he said, but before I had time to carry out his suggestion the sound of righteous voices raised in anger arose from the street. I went out on to the verandah and saw a knot of men among whom were several members of the Vigilance Committee. They seemed to think that Schlossmann was sitting there in that state out of wickedness, and their groanings and adjurations were sad to hear.

Schlossmann did not like the idea of their thinking that he was a wicked old man, and he shouted excited explanations. The more he shouted the more convinced they became that he was jeering at them, and at last they rushed at the front door to burst it in. It

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seemed to me that there was no time to be lost if Schlossmann was to come out of the affair alive, so I ran back to the switchboard, pressed all the buttons down and jammed the tool chest against them. The result was awful. Every blessed thing in the room got to work, and some hitch in the machinery made them persist in repeating their evolutions.

The vigilants came charging up the stairs, but as soon as they burst into the room they stood transfixed. Everything in the room seemed animate. The movable section of the bed kept rising and tilting nothing into the bath, which alternately appeared and disappeared. The tap poured water into the bath when it was there and on to the floor when it wasn't. Schlossmann's nightshirt and suit of clothes were waving over the bed. The two towels were trying excitedly to dry the two sponges, which resisted their efforts vigorously. The windows kept opening and closing behind Schlossmann as he made record journeys on his chair between the verandah and the bed, and I don't know how long the business would have gone on had not one of the Vigilants shrieked:

"Slay the fiend!"

I thought at first he meant Schlossmann, and, judging by the glimpse I caught of Schlossmann's face as he went out on to the verandah for the thirteenth time, he thought so too. But the Vigilant was thinking of the Home Outfit, and he started in on the works with a thick stick. The others joined him, and as Schlossmann reached the bed or the return journey the chair stopped, as did everything else. But the Vigilants were not content until they had smashed everything to smithereens. With a word of solemn admonition they left us; and after giving Schlossmann a dose of brandy I dressed him, took him round to my place, and put him to bed.

He left New Canaan the next day, broken-hearted.

The Vigilants came charging up the stairs, but as soon as they burst into the room they stood transfixed.

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CAP AND BELLS

CHANGES OF TIME.

This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How very bad tempered! How red her eyes. What horrid contortions she makes with her face. See how savagely she kicks. How like a demon she yells!

Yet in a few short years some man will be half crazy with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet, and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.

* * * * *

THE COOK'S QUESTION.

I wonder if his heart is fired—
He calls here every night.
I wonder—are his calls inspired
By love or appetite?

* * * * *

THE ANSWER IN HER EYES.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Helen," said Percy, with trembling voice and wobbling chin.

"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'No' in your eyes."

"In both of them?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir? Take your arm from round my waist instantly!"

But he didn't.

CONVENIENT SIZES.

MR. SAVER: "Shall we have to buy new woollen underwear for all the boys this year?"

MRS. SAVER: "No, dear. Yours have shrunk so that they just fit Jimmy; Jimmy's have shrunk and will fit Willie; and Willie's are just right for the baby. You are the only one that needs new ones."

* * * * *

How oft do Members bold awake
To find their hopes have fled.
This is the speech he thought he'd make:
? ! ! ? ? ! ! ! ! * * ? !
And this is what he said:
"I second the motion."

* * * * *

PLENTY IN IT.

"There's nothing in a kiss."

"Yes, indeed, there is. If we're to believe scientists, there are about 17,397,241 microbes in one."

* * * * *

THE DAUGHTER HAD BEEN.

A gentleman, who was stopped by an old man begging, replied:

"Don't you know, my friend, that Fortune knocks at every man's door?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "she knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since she has sent her daughter."

"Her daughter!" replied the gentleman. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, misfortune!"

* *

UNKIND.

HE: "I go to bed at night with gloves on, to keep my hands soft."

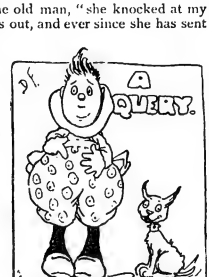
SHE: "And do you wear your hat, too?"

* *

LOOKS ARE DECEPTIVE.

"I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do," said the first landlady.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the other. "You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."


A QUERY.
You cannot eat your cake and have it: So I once heard my mother say. Now who but me has got the cake That I've just eaten— Tell me pray?

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Some poets seem to be afraid that a laurel wreath won't fit on short hair.

NOT A FOLLOWER.

LADY (engaging new cook): "And you understand, Mary, that I can allow no followers."

MARY: "Lor' bless you, ma'am, my young man ain't a follower. He is a leader. He leads the town band."

* * *

CONDITIONAL CHARGES.

"What's your charge for this boat by the hour?"

"Two shillings an hour, sir, if I row it. And five shillings extra if I have to upset it so you can save the heiress from a watery grave."

* * *

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"Is the shoe too small?" tenderly asked a fond swain of his sweetheart, who was moaning about cramped toes.

"Oh, no! The shoe is just right, but my foot is too big—that's all."

* * * * *

THE SITUATION REVERSED.

He married his typist—it made quite a stir—
And now he's her "darling Jim;"
For fully five years he dictated to her,
But now she's dictating to him.

* * * * * *

QUITE AN ABSURDITY.

"It's absurd to represent justice as a female."

"Why?"

"The idea of a woman wearing a bandage over eyes—a woman who doesn't want to see everything that's going on!"

* * * * * *

NO NEED TO TELL HIM.

MOTHER: "Now, I want you to keep as far away as possible from that Jones boy. He's the worst one in your school."

BOB: "I always do. He's at the head of the class all the time.'

* * *

As on his daily trip he went,
The sun exclaimed, "I vow
There's no denying that I am
The champion scorcher now."

* * *

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

DAUGHTER: "Ma, I think you had better let Pa smoke in the house."

MRS. BOSSIM: "Huh! I should like to know why."

DAUGHTER: "Every Christmas we have such difficulty in finding a present for him, everything is so expensive you know, but we can always get really pretty ash-trays for sixpence."

* * * * *

DISAPPOINTED.

She searched his pockets through,
Yet felt no jealous thrill,
Though she found some lines from an old, old flame,
A great unpaid gas bill.

* * * * * *

MEETING AN EMERGENCY.

ARTHUR: "If I were to kiss you, what would you do?"

MINNIE: "I never measure emergencies until they arise."

ARTHUR: "Well, suppose it should arise, how would you meet it?"

MINNIE: "Face to face."

A TALL ORDER.

Mr. Snip: "Hi, Willie Beetle, fetch the fire-escape at once; I want to measure Mr. Daddy-long-legs for some new trousers."

NEATLY PUT.

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a young man the other night. He said: "Now, Miss Smythe, you say you have ten thousand pounds in your own name—why not put it in mine?"

* * *

Notwithstanding the poet,
When all has been said,
"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like"—bed.

* * *

A SURPRISING FACT.

WIGGS: "Skinner has just returned a book he borrowed."

JIGGS: "Didn't he like it?"

WIGGS: "Yes. But why do you ask that?"

JIGGS: "You say he returned it."

* *

DEPENDED ON THE QUANTITY.

"I suppose you will marry, though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?"

"Perhaps. But it will depend a great deal upon how much gold there is in the opportunity."

SELF EVIDENT.

Ice-cream Vendor (vociferously): "Ice-cream, ice-cream. 'Oo'll 'ave another?"

Jiggsby (irritably): "You scream! you scream! Of course you do, you howling dervish! D'ye think I'm stone deaf?"

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SANDY'S SUCCESSFUL SPECULATION.

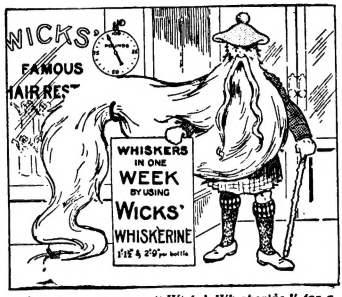
Sandy McTaggart, having weak whiskers, bought some "Wicks' Whiskerine"—

—and applied it diligently next morning.

On going for a walk, the whiskers grew so rapidly—

—that he had to borrow Donald Grant's barrow to get them home.

Sandy thought there was money in his beard. He was not disappointed.



He now advertises "Wicks' Whiskeride," for a consideration.

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SOMEONE HAD BEEN PRYING.

MISTRESS: "Jane, I've mislaid the key of my escritoire. I wish you'd just fetch me that box of odd keys. I dare say I can find one to open it."

JANE: "It's no use, ma'am. There isn't a key in the 'ouse as 'll fit that desk."

* * * * *

"A kiss, I'm told," said pretty Susie Brown,
"Is both a common and a proper noun."
"That's true," her lover said, "but you will find
It is a noun not easily declined."

* * * * *

CHEAPER—AND JUST AS GOOD.

"We don't go to the theatre now, my husband and I," said a much-enduring middle-aged lady. "We just hang a big hat on the back of a chair and sit and look at it, and think we are at the theatre, and it does just as well."

* * * *

PLENTY OF ASKING.

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Jones? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?"

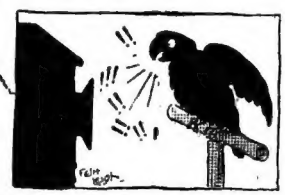
JONES: "Yes; he often asks five and six times a month for it."

* * * *

MUSTN'T BE INQUISITIVE.

MAMMA (sadly holding up a nearly empty jar): "Susie, have you been at the jam again?"

SUSIE (intently combing her doll's hair): "Mamma, didn't grandma teach you when you was a little girl, same's me, not to be too 'quisitive?"



POLLY ON THE 'PHONE.
"Dear me! what's the matter with Johnson this morning? I've never heard him use such language!"

AND PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.

A letter from the one you love
May for a week or more
About the city idly rove,
Searching for your door.

But let your tailor send a "dun,"
And in a manner spry
'Tis sure to catch you on the run
Before the ink is dry.

* * * *

ALREADY ARRANGED.

HE: "And will you elope with me to-night?"

SHE: "I will."

HE: "What will your parents do?"

SHE: "They will wait until we come back, and then give us their blessing."

HE: "I'm a little afraid they won't."

SHE: "Indeed, they will. They have both promised."

* * * * *

NOT ENCOURAGING.

HE: "You'll have to go a long way before you meet anyone who loves you more than I do."

SHE: "Well, I'm willing to."

* *

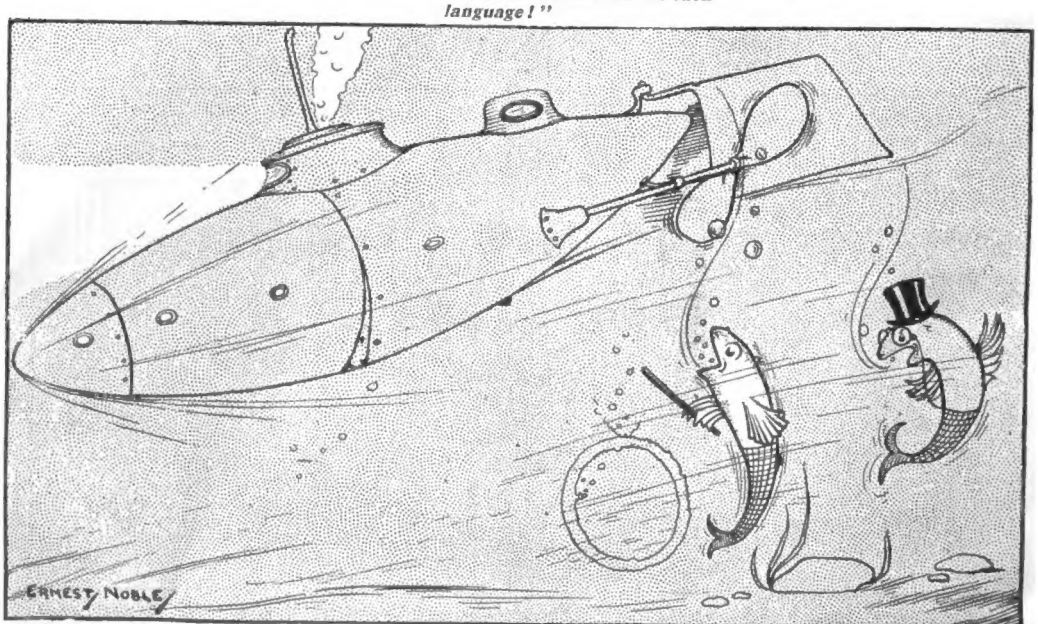
Mary had a little lamb,
But both have long been dead;
If Mary were alive to-day,
She'd want a bike instead.

* * *

ONLY NATURAL.

"I wonder what makes Dr. Fitz-Higgins so popular?"

"Why, his patients always have all the newest diseases."



"Oh, Pa! look at this queer fish with his eyes on fire!"

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NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

"Which can travel the faster—heat or cold?" asked a witty boy of another who was quite as smart as he.

"Why, heat, of course!" was the reply. "Anybody can catch cold."

* * * *

NO PRACTICAL USE.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Oh, Charlie, the cook got angry this morning, and left, bag and baggage. What are we going to do?"

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Why, my love, I thought you attended cooking classes for seven months?"

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND: "So I did, dear, but that was merely to learn cooking as an accomplishment."

* * * *

DIDN'T MIND WHICH.

"Sir," remarked the rich father to the suitor, "after the investigations I have made into your character, I cannot give you my daughter Clara."

"All right," answered the persistent suitor; "then how about one of the others?"

* * * *

SO KIND!

"The simpler the gown," someone had said, "the prettier a really beautiful woman appears."

They all nodded, and presently one dear thing leant over to another dear thing and remarked, quite casually:

"What an elaborate gown you have on, dear!"

* * * *

JUDGING BY RESULTS.

NEWITT: "So you tried the place I told you about, eh? Didn't you find that a good stream for trout?"

FISHER: "It must be a splendid one for them. So few of them leave it."

* * * * *

JUST THE PLACE!

GUIDE: "This, ladies and gentlemen, was the prison of the castle. Through its walls, three feet thick, no sound or groan or outcry from the prisoners could be heard!"

TOURIST (to his wife): "What a fine place, my dear, for your singing exercises!"

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

I'm quite contented with my nose—
Far worse ones may be seen;
For instance, I don't want to change
Proboscises with Green.

My hair is well enough, although
It's on the "sandy" tack;
I never seem to envy Jones,
Whose locks are "raven black.'

As foreheads go, I'm very sure
My brow's a fairish one;
So I'm not made uneasy by
The bumps of Robinson.

But, truly, I should like to own
Smith's optic, if you please—
Because it keeps his eyeglass in
With dignity and ease!

Felix Leigh.

A SIMPLE FEAT.

"At the circus a man rides a bicycle upside down."

"That's nothing. I rode that way most of the time the first two weeks I was learning."

* * * *

SOON SETTLED.

"I don't know," confessed the puzzled wife, "whether to have the house re-papered to match my old dresses, or if it would be better to buy new dresses to match the paper we now have."

"I fancy," suggested the husband, who was a quick thinker and a lightning calculator, "that we had better re-paper the house."

* * * *

SIGNS OF AFFECTION.

"Do you think Miss Cashit cares anything for you?"

"Well, I think she's beginning to care a little."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, the last time I called she openly yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening."

* * * *

RATHER SMART.

An old lady was standing in the centre of the tram terminus in Dublin, and said to a policeman who passed: "Officer! where do I get a tram for Black Rock?" He replied: "You'll get it in the small of the back, ma'am, if you don't look out."

* * * *

UNAPPRECIATED ECONOMY.

HUSBAND: "My dear, I thought we were going to practice economy for a time."

"WIFE: "So we are, dear. I went down and countermanded the order you gave your tailor for a suit, and bought a bonnet that cost only half the amount."

* * * * *

WHY HE DIDN'T GET ON.

MUSIC TEACHER: "I try to make of your son, ze little Thomas, a grand musician, but he must help. I am afraid he does not practise."

MRS. WOODBY: "No, his father gives him sixpence a day not to."

A Study in Expressions.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

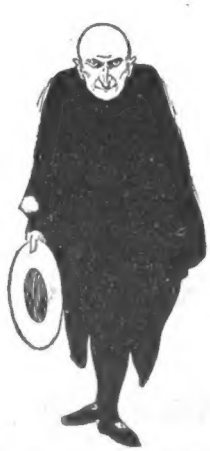
In three hours I shall be on my way to America, and next time I write for these pages I shall be in New York. Many of you may remember my last trip to the New World, and how I was fortunate enough to obtain an audience with President Roosevelt. I hope this time to come in contact with many interesting adventures, which, you may be sure, I shall retail for your benefit. At any rate, I am certain of a warm reception from my colleagues over the Atlantic. Of all American virtues—and there are many—hospitality is the most striking. I have only to go to any newspaper office and send up my card to be sure, not only of a friendly welcome, but any guidance and assistance I may need. Men who do not know me from Adam are always only too ready to invite me to their homes. In America the Englishman, and especially the English journalist, is an honoured guest.

AMERICAN SPELLING AGAIN.

Talking of Americans reminds me of a paragraph I wrote lately for these pages on the American spelling methods. I was courageous enough to say that I admired them and would gladly adopt them myself if only my readers would tolerate so drastic an innovation. The chorus of enthusiastic praise which Americans resident in this country have showered upon me brings the blush of conscious modesty to my cheek.

"Sir," writes one, "you're a shining beacon in this benighted old island."

Another, signing himself Judge P., of Charlotteville, Pa.—wherever that may be—tells me "to go ahead and rescue this old country from stagnation"; while a third hails me as a true patriot!



English readers have received my remarks mostly in silence—a threatening silence—which I interpreted as: "adopt Yankee spelling at your peril." Well, being an Englishman, and, as The Royal is an English magazine, I mean to stick to the antiquated methods.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Unfortunately, the design on our August cover was accidentally attributed to Mr. Harry Rowntree. The cover was drawn by Mr. P. C. Carr, to whom I hasten to express my regret for the mistake.

SPRING POETS, ETCETERA.

All this year I have carefully watched the fluctuations in the number of manuscripts I receive, and am rather at a loss to account for the fact that the most have come into my hands during the months of March and April. Mind you, I am not alluding especially to poems. It is quite in accordance with every tradition that poets should feel themselves inspired by the advent of spring. Stories and articles arrived like a shoal of herrings during the spring months. Perhaps our English climate has something to do with this literary activity. Most people—the poet always excepted—associate March and April less with snowdrops and primroses than with rain. And rain means plenty of spare time, and plenty of spare time means for those with the itch for scribbling—articles and stories.

THE RETURN OF DON Q.

I am pleased to be able to announce that my friend the Editor of Pearson's Magazine is now publishing a further series of Don Q. stories. I advise all my readers if they have not already done so to make the acquaintance of the eccentric brigand.

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